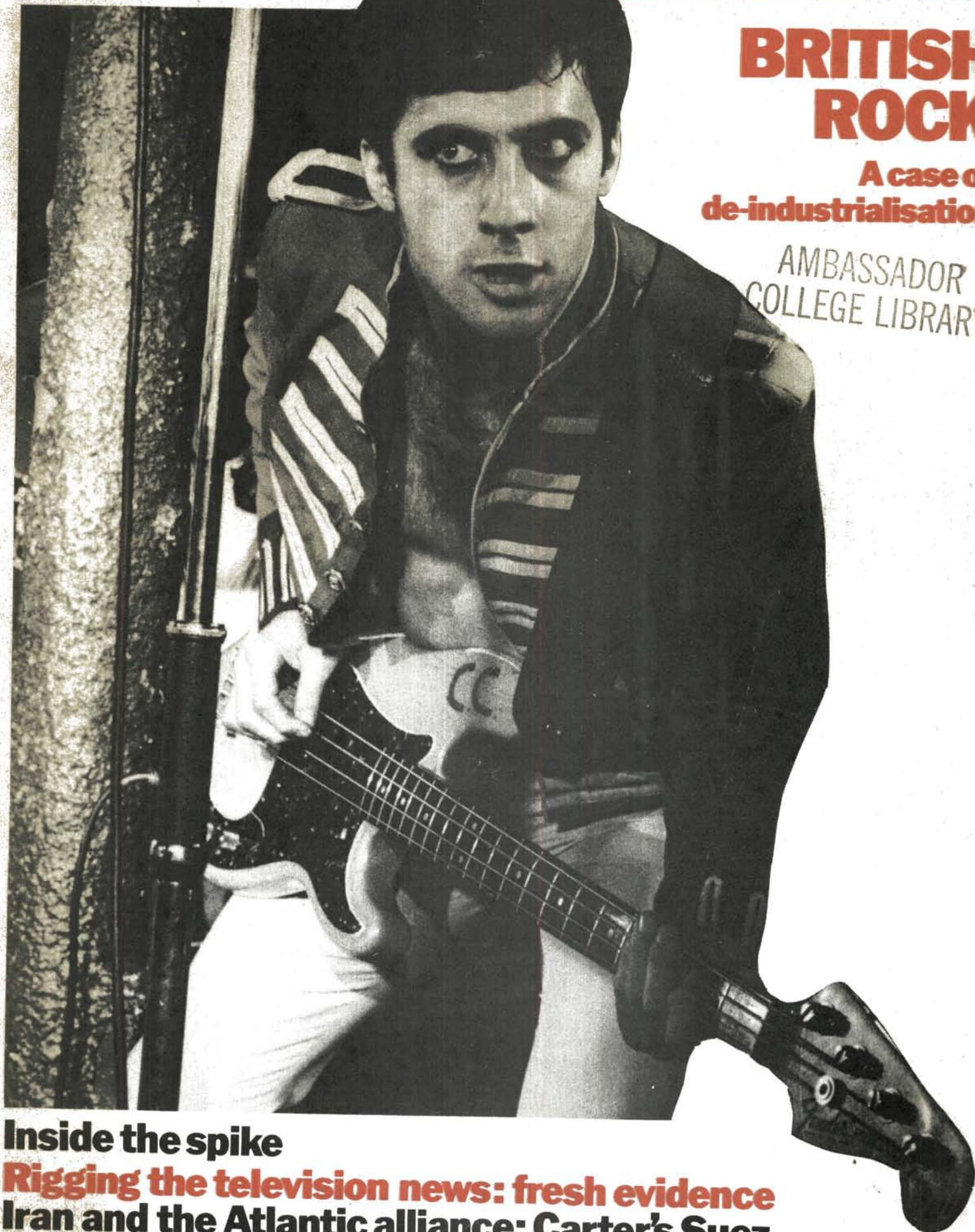


NEW STATESMAN

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Inside the spike

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Iran and the Atlantic alliance: Carter's Suez

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When friends make fools of themselves

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR? The reasonable and decent reply is that they are, among other things, allies in times of crisis and need. Britain and the United States have often found themselves historically on the same side. Who, for instance, can forget the favour which President Eisenhower did us in 1956? Without his dissenting intervention, our crazed government of the day would have persisted in its foolish attempt to occupy Egypt. Friends are also for telling you, politely but firmly, when you are making a fool of yourself.

To hear Mrs Thatcher talking, one would suppose that friendship was a one-way street, and that America was America whether her troops were defending Pearl Harbour or defoliating the Mekong delta. No sensible American can welcome uncritical 'friendship' of that sort. We are being asked to contemplate a terrible war because of past blunders by politicians who never consulted us at the time. David Owen, who told us all along that the Shah was a good bet, now says that everyone must rally for a new Iranian initiative. If ever there was a moment for intense argument rather than automatic solidarity, this is it.

Elsewhere in this issue (p.577) we show that economic sanctions are highly unlikely to produce the desired effect. Presumably some senior American strategists are aware of this. Are they, perhaps, only going through the motions in order to claim later that they exhausted every other option but force?

It cannot be claimed that this is merely an issue between an exploited producing country and an imperial superpower. Because the Iranian revolution has been co-opted by the supporters of the Ayatollah, and because these people have made an emblem out of fifty random individuals, there is a humanitarian balance in favour of the superpower. This unprecedented situation has blurred the outlines of the debate more than somewhat, and made opposition within the United States almost a matter of moral cowardice. If the fifty

hostages were British, no doubt the atmosphere here would be more intense.

But if the British government had replaced the Americans as patrons of the Shah, had sold him vast quantities of military and police technology, had upheld him as he massacred his own subjects, and had then (without consulting its allies) welcomed the deposed madman to London, would the United States follow us like a poodle in any step we chose to take? We hope it would not. We hope it would point out that the 'Atlantic Alliance' is not something to be invoked only when one partner has made a complete foul-up. The subjectively unappetising nature of Khomeini is not the main point here — as far as anybody knows the United States has no plans to blockade or even verbally disown the gang who murdered Archbishop Romero.

Until a few days ago, it seemed perfectly clear that many senior Iranians, including some usually associated with the hard line Islamic front, were anxious to get the hostage problem out of the way. In the wake of the expulsion of Iranians from the United States, these and other politicians are now back bidding for crowd support. A boycott — more especially a boycott which reminds Iranians of their long years of economic dependence on America — will infallibly strengthen the hold of extreme nationalism on the Iranian people. This is not, presumably, what Carter and Brzezinski have in mind. In fact, it seems to be American public opinion which concerns them most.

President Carter has every right to campaign for re-election and to speak as if national pride was something Iranians do not feel. It is less obvious that he has the right to conscript European solidarity behind his own campaign. To be blunt about it, his past record does not inspire confidence. One might buy a used car from him in complete confidence — but set out on a tiger-shoot through a minefield? The next man to demand all hands to the pump may be Ronald Reagan...

NOTES

Airlift to head off starvation in Cambodia

William Shawcross writes: An airlift has finally begun in a last-minute attempt to get seed to Cambodian farmers in time for this year's planting season. Nonetheless mass starvation, at least as terrible as last year's, again threatens Cambodia's survivors.

The airlift is being mounted by Unicef and the Red Cross as part of the relief programme to Cambodia which the international organisations have run since last September. A DC-10 cargo plane has been chartered to make two flights a day from Bangkok to Phnom Penh. Unicef and ICRC hope to fly 2,500 tons of seed (at 58 tons a flight) into Phnom Penh by the end of April.

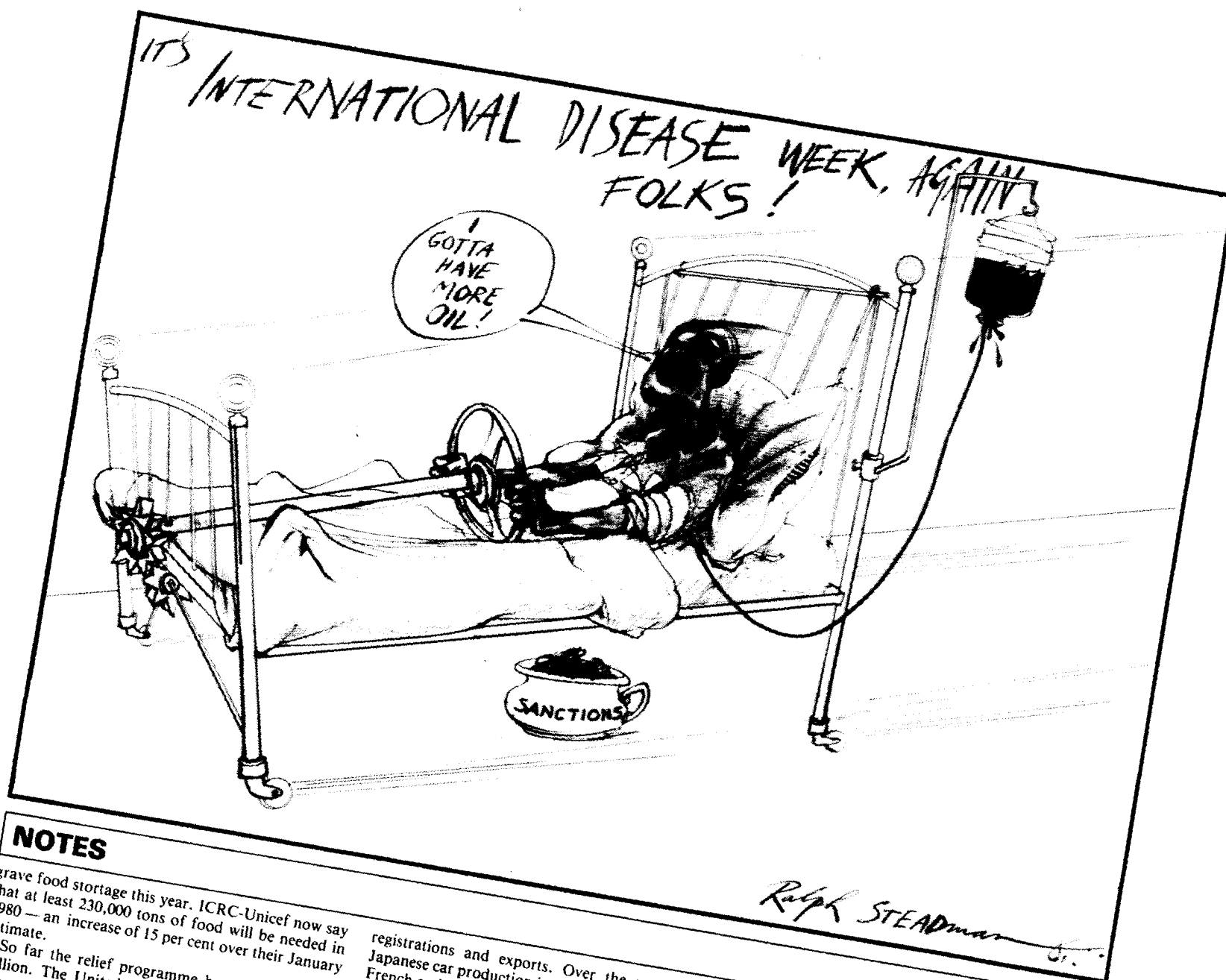
At the same time Oxfam has purchased 6,000 tons of rice seed in Thailand; some of this will also be flown into Cambodia in conjunction with Unicef and ICRC; the rest will be shipped.

Further planes are required. The British Government has been asked by the privately-run 'Action Group on Cambodia' to lend an RAF transport plane as part of the airlift. The Action Group has suggested an EEC airlift in parallel with that run by ICRC-Unicef. The British Government, which lent a plane for a few weeks last autumn, has not responded.

The aircraft is required as a matter of extreme urgency because floating rice has to be planted in Cambodia by the end of April, dry rice by the end of May. Unless the seed is available in the villages the annual planting cycle will be missed and the 1980 harvest will be as wretched as that of 1979.

The UN's Food and Agricultural Organisation had planned to ship 30,000 tons of rice into Cambodia this spring. This would have provided seed for a million or so acres. (Before 1970, 3 million acres were planted with rice.) The FAO plan would have given Cambodia a harvest of about 200,000 tons at the end of 1980. However, it did not manage even to buy let alone to ship the seed in time. By the middle of March only 3,000 tons of seed had been procured in the Philippines. At the same time shipping supplies into Cambodia became even more difficult with the collapse of the Phnom Penh docks and the clogging of the warehouses at the port of Kompong Som. The Vietnamese backed regime of Heng Samrin still will not allow food or seed to be transported by road or rail from Thailand, citing security problems.

But even if the airlift were expanded it is now clear that only a small proportion of Cambodia's rice paddies will be planted this year. International food aid will be needed at least until the end of 1981, if not beyond. Aid officials are now increasingly pessimistic about their chances of avoiding another



NOTES

grave food shortage this year. ICRC-Unicef now say that at least 230,000 tons of food will be needed in 1980 — an increase of 15 per cent over their January estimate.

So far the relief programme has cost over \$200 million. The United Nations received promises of about \$100 million at a pledging conference in New York last month but obviously much more will be needed.

Decline of Leyland

Patrick Wintour writes: British Leyland's desperate attempts to change decades of labour relations at a stroke by wiping out the power of the shop stewards hangs in the balance, as the TGWU's resistance appears to be gaining support. But a book out next week, *The Decline of the British Motor Industry** by Peter Dunnett, a Canadian professor of economics, argues that the problems of BL are so deep seated that even a leap in productivity will not be enough. He points to the familiar problem of BL's small size, the integration of production among competitors, the growing presence of rivals in the quality market (BL's success area in the seventies) and concludes that more 'joint models such as the Honda and more bought-in components . . . are very much on the cards.'

Dunnett also roundly attacks government policy towards cars — both direct, through hire purchase controls and motor tax, and indirect through fiscal, regional and monetary policy. The problems really developed with the stop-go policies caused by balance of payments deficits. The motor industry more than any other became an economic regulator. In particular, the Maudling boom of the sixties and the government's high expectations of EEC entry engendered an over-optimistic expansion of the industry without any rationalisation. The crisis developed in the second half of the sixties when, in Britain, there was a gradual decline in production, New Statesman 18 April 1980

registrations and exports. Over the same period Japanese car production increased tenfold; German, French and Italian output at least doubled. By 1969 a series of fiscal measures designed to help sterling — such as increased purchase tax and tighter credit restrictions — had hit cars so badly that the industry was operating at 50 per cent of capacity. In an attempt to eliminate Britain's balance of payments deficit the government squeezed the home market, in the hope that production would be switched to exports. But exporting was never as profitable and although it increased in the short-term, home sales always declined more rapidly. As a result, profits, investment and the size of the industry declined. When Heath expanded the economy in 1971 the British car industry could not compete with the flood of imports; joining the EEC was the final nail in the coffin, with the balance of trade in cars going into deficit for the first time in 1973. *Croom Helm £10.95

Class difference affects perinatal deaths

Judith Cook writes: If you are working class and live in an inner city area of Birmingham, like Sparkbrook, then you have 80 per cent more chance of losing your baby at, or just after birth, than if you are middle class. A disconcerting report from the Central Birmingham Community Health Council shows the figures neatly split along class lines. The perinatal death rate in the inner city areas has reached twice the national average while that in the better suburbs is above average. There are a number of reasons for this, including poor housing, low wages and general deprivation. But one factor stands out. Beds in the good hospitals, especially the Birmingham Maternity Hospital, are booked early by middle class women seeking the best care for themselves. A woman who

books her pregnancy late stands hardly any chance of getting into one of the highly-equipped specialist units — for example, only one woman in 28 from Sparkbrook gets in. Thus the medical and technical skills available are being applied to those least in need of them.

Meanwhile in the deprived areas, the mothers most at risk are those least likely to book into hospital until their pregnancies are well advanced and then they are admitted either to the Sorrento or Dudley Road Hospitals which are overcrowded and not well equipped to deal with the abnormalities which occur far more frequently in these women.

Mr Robert Mugabe: An Apology

DAILY EXPRESS THE FORCE OF BRITAIN

The Economist

THE Sun Daily & Mail

THE TIMES DAILY Mirror

The Daily Telegraph

The management of the above newspapers have asked us to point out that the Robert Mugabe, statesman, emancipator and moderate of Salisbury, Zimbabwe is no relation to the Robert Mugabe, terrorist, cannibal and murderer of Salisbury, Rhodesia about whom they have been publishing material for the past five years.



Yet the Birmingham Maternity Hospital's patient caseload is acknowledged by the West Midlands Regional Health Authority to have only 13 per cent of medically difficult cases in spite of its higher staffing ratio and first class facilities.

Steve Burkeman, Secretary of Birmingham CHC says that the authorities are obviously starting to worry: 'Recent panic reports on Dudley Road Hospital are an indication of this. The AHA is talking about "instructing" consultants at Dudley

Road to limit admissions.' It is difficult to see what effect this would have other than to make admission to any kind of hospital even more difficult for women in the inner city.

The Central Birmingham CHC is, therefore, calling for a quota system whereby women from those electoral wards identified as having a high perinatal death rate stand some chance of getting into the hospitals which can help them most. Ideally, of course, it is the poorer hospitals which should be brought up to standard but in the present era of cuts, decline is more likely than improvement.

Donegal drives out uranium prospectors

Brian Trench writes: Workers and farmers living in the barren hills of Co. Donegal have blocked an EEC-backed uranium prospecting programme. Fearing that water supplies and the atmosphere would be contaminated by the trenching, blasting and drilling, and determined not to have the area devastated by mining, they have harassed the two prospecting companies for over a month until, last week, they forced them to abandon operations.

Along with Italy and Greenland, Ireland is a priority area in the EEC's search for commercial uranium deposits within the boundaries of the Nine. Last year, the EEC paid grants worth over £3 million to uranium exploration projects; over £500,000 of this went to companies operating in Ireland.

Irish Base Metals, one of the grant recipients, is a subsidiary of the Toronto company, Northgate Exploration, while the other uranium prospector in Donegal, Munster Base Metals, is a subsidiary of a Northgate associate, Anglo United Development Co. In its annual report, published this month, Northgate sounds cautiously optimistic about the Donegal uranium project. Exploration has located, it says, 'a mineralisation (which) has the potential to

produce uranium in economic conditions and its presence can be regarded as a significant development'. Another part of the report refers to a 25-foot depth of ore containing 2lbs of uranium oxide per ton. At current prices, that concentration is of immediate commercial interest.

Just two years ago, the first rumours of an important uranium find sent Northgate and Anglo United shares soaring. There was also considerable excitement among the people of Donegal; there were prospects of jobs for some and hopes of a shares bonanza for others. One of those who bought shares, Dr Dermot Campbell, is now a leading member of the Donegal Uranium Committee which is campaigning to have prospecting licences withdrawn and a ban declared on uranium mining. 'When we started to learn about uranium, our attitude changed completely,' Dr Campbell told a recent protest meeting — the last of fifteen which packed community halls throughout the county.

The DUC's campaign to highlight the dangers of exposing the uranium, even for exploration, has been matched by growing hostility to the prospecting companies from small-holders and sheep farmers working the same valleys and hills. When local opposition to their work in a glen forced Munster Base Metals to retreat up a hill (a move which, because of the difficult terrain and the heavy equipment, took them a month to complete), they were driven off the hill by sheep farmers from the opposite side. Three weeks ago, a cottage being used by Irish Base Metals as a store and workshop was set on fire and partly destroyed.

None of the major political parties has determined an attitude to the uranium controversy, but the issue has been raised by Donegal delegates at the Fianna Fail national conference. It also came up at last week's conference of the Teachers' Union of Ireland and is the subject of resolutions for the forthcoming conferences of the country's two largest general unions.

Tim Gopsill

Who will get APEX?

WHEN THE white collar union, the Association of Professional Executive, Clerical and Computer Staff (APEX) meet for their conference in Scarborough this weekend to discuss, among other things, proposals to merge with another union, the delegates will not even be told of the one firm merger proposal which APEX has received. This is one of several moves recently to try to defer a decision on this thorny issue.

APEX has been an obvious candidate for a merger for sometime. Its largely industrially based membership — claimed to be around 150,000 — is beginning to decline in the face of office micro-technology and the decline of the engineering, steel and textile sectors. It is being outstripped by rival unions — such as ASTMS — in the growth fields of insurance and commerce. So APEX's general secretary Roy Grantham has held informal talks with six other unions, including ASTMS. The one he is thought to favour is MATSA — the white-collar section of the General and Municipal Workers Union — which claims a membership of 80,000. Talks have also been held with the electrician's union, the EEP TU, which has a fast growing white-collar section; TASS, the technical section of the AUEW; TGWU-ACTSS and the shopworkers union USDAW.

One possible appeal of the GMWU is as a step towards a Euro-style 'political' union federation as a right-wing counter-weight to the TGWU and the AUEW, which although under right wing control at the moment could easily swing back to the left in future. A hushed-up joint committee of the GMWU, APEX, EEP TU and USDAW has been talking about this for some months and these talks are about to bring in COHSE — one of the health workers' unions and the Engineers and Managers Association. Within such an organisation APEX could emerge as

the white-collar unit.

However, the feelings of APEX members do not necessarily fit in with such a grand design. As motions for the annual conference started to come in, it was clear that of the twelve, three favoured ASTMS, two opposed the GMWU by name and of others expressing a general preference, all were either for 'another white-collar partner or against' large, general unions.

These motions were the first expression of rank and file feeling on the subject — they have been officially informed of the outcome of discussions which took place last autumn. In these ASTMS proposed a loose merger under a Central Executive which would allow complete political and industrial autonomy for the two unions on an equal basis with joint general secretaries and a rotating presidency. This was a generous proposal because ASTMS is three times as big as APEX and, by general acknowledgement, more effective. Such offers, with a loose amalgamation, have been a feature of the mergers which have helped build ASTMS to its current size. Judging from the motions sent to the annual conference there is some enthusiasm for such a merger in the APEX rank and file — some of whom would like to tie their negotiators to ASTMS.

AS IT HAPPENS, as these motions were arriving at APEX I myself was the temporary editor of their *Journal*. I had experienced considerable difficulty in finding out about this important question of a merger and the conference agenda provided a good opportunity to report the views of the membership. As is the practice in many union journals, every item has to be submitted to the general secretary for approval and, often, rewriting. In Grantham's version of the conference story all unfavourable references to the GMWU were excised, as was the fact that no motions were against the merger. My decision to restore some of the omissions and to insert a headline 'We want to merge' led to my speedy sacking.

In a circular 'denying responsibility for the pro-

duction', the APEX executive said 'Until an official conclusion is reached at the 1981 (my italics) conference, actions which imply the union is committed to a merger are wholly irresponsible'. This was not, in fact the implication of the piece but the use of 1981 is curious in view of the motions before the 1980 conference.

The union's Standing Orders Committee has drawn up a composite of the merger motions but at least one of the biggest branches — Birmingham Engineering No 2, which covers the Lucas group — has flatly rejected it. It is still possible that the branches may succeed in getting a firm mandate laid down for their negotiators.

The enthusiasm for ASTMS is based not on any idea of building a left-wing union but on ASMTS track record in organising and bargaining. Nearly all APEX officials and a large proportion of the Executive Council share this view. A real problem to the merger, however, are the area secretaries in APEX. These are the key people in the power structure but ASTMS is organised on industrial, not geographical lines, maintaining that the area structure is totally irrelevant in industrial terms.

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THE CENSORED portions of the third post mortem report on Jimmy Kelly — withheld from the four week long inquest by Merseyside's Chief Constable — deal in detail with discrepancies in statements made by four police officers who arrested the Huyton labourer last June. More than 30 pages deleted from the report of Professor Alan Usher, of Sheffield University, have been seen by the NEW STATESMAN. The unabridged report clearly demonstrates that the evidence of the police officers could have been far more severely tested in cross examination before the inquest's 11-man jury.

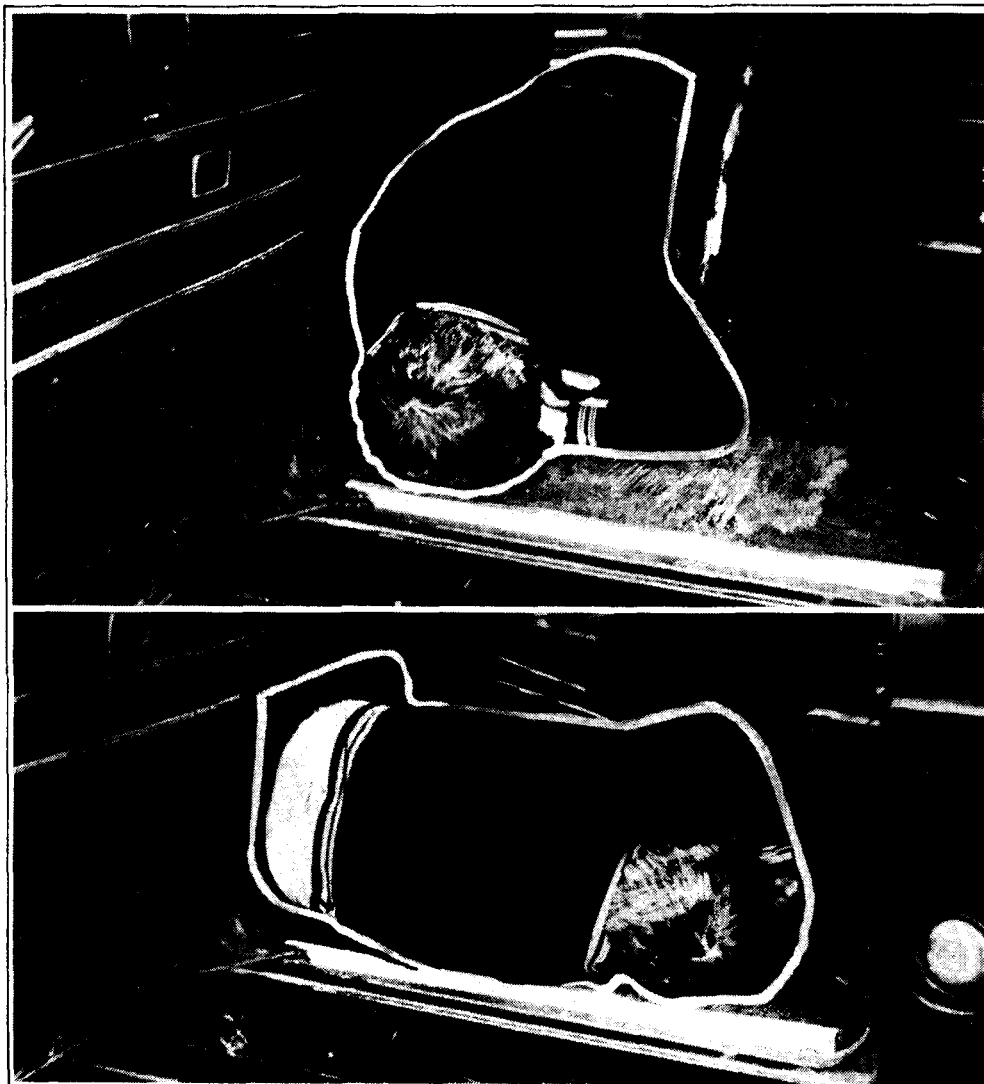
Merseyside police cut Usher's report because the four police officers claimed privilege over statements they made to police investigators from their own force and from the West Midlands Police. Privilege was claimed, argued George Carman QC for the Police Federation, because the men may face disciplinary proceedings. During the inquest each officer agreed he wanted nothing concealed, but in the next breath confirmed he would not allow any access to his previous police statements.

Civilian witnesses, however, were treated somewhat differently: They were denied access to their statements on the orders of Merseyside's Chief Constable, with no explanation from his counsel, save for the comment that there was 'ample law' to justify it. Statements made to the police, the coroner was told, are the property of the police and no one else. The same problems have beset the Blair Peach inquest, due to open shortly, and as in the case of the Kelly inquest they are certain to impose a legal stranglehold preventing a full and open hearing of all the evidence, properly tested.

The glimpse into the police evidence afforded by the unexpurgated Usher report is, however, enough to show why public dissatisfaction over the Kelly inquest and its patent shortcoming will not be easily dispelled. 'There was no real fisticuffs at all — he (Kelly) was lashing out with his legs and pushing and shoving.' In that extract Usher is quoting PC Fred Browning, the panda car driver, on the first sequence of the arrest. PC Bob Evans, however, gives a different account according to Usher. 'During this time PC Evans admits that he struck Kelly several times with his fists purely to defend himself from attack, but he states no staff or weapon of any kind was used on Kelly — then or later.'

At the inquest Evans said Kelly landed the first blow — 'It wasn't a heavy blow' — on his chin. This felled Evans and left him temporarily unconscious, he says. While the officer was down the 53 year old labourer 'was kicking me all over my body and head.' None of the resulting injuries was inspected by the casualty officer Evans saw several hours later at Whiston Hospital. Evans saw him with a sprained wrist — caused, he told the inquest, by an attempt to give Kelly cardiac massage. Dr Ngwe, however, recalled Evans saying the wrist injury came when he 'was assaulted by someone whom he tried to arrest.'

Four accounts, not covered by privilege, prepared by PC Browning within days of



Police reconstruction photographs showing how arresting officers placed a handcuffed Jimmy Kelly in the police van (top) and where they say he had fallen when the van arrived at Huyton police station (bottom). No reconstruction picture showed Kelly lying 'on the floor of the van with his face down'.

Kelly's death, make no mention of any violence being inflicted upon Kelly during the arrest. Although no pathologist could find any injuries on Kelly 'consistent with' the use of a truncheon (the only allegation mentioning use of a truncheon was withdrawn last June), the exact whereabouts of PC Evan's truncheon remains a mystery. His truncheon was not among those examined forensically and Assistant Chief Constable David Gerty, from West Midlands Police, who investigated Kelly's death, stated the officer did not have a truncheon with him on the night. But the complete Usher report says: 'Since both policemen were carrying their truncheons at the time, it seems unlikely that either of them would need to take a further weapon from the car.' If Evans did have a truncheon that night what happened to it? If he didn't, who told Professor Usher he did?

THE NEXT sequence in the arrest concerns Kelly's reluctant entry into the panda car. Usher goes on: 'PC Evans states that he forced Kelly, head first, into the rear of the car and admits that he squeezed Kelly's testicles in order to encourage him to get in, which manoeuvre proved effective. PC Evans doesn't state exactly where PC Browning was

at this time but says that "somehow or other" Kelly got across the car and either fell out or got out of the driver's (offside) door.'

At the inquest Evans's recollection of Kelly's exit from the car became more detailed. Without moving the driver's seat forward Kelly, he agreed, somersaulted from the back seat heels over head through the open driver's door and on to the ground. 'An impossibly acrobatic feat,' remarked Gilbert Gray, QC for the Kelly family, unaware of Evan's apparently less detailed recollection in police statements seen by Professor Usher.

One of the unresolved issues which prompted the inquest jury to ask a number of questions was how Kelly was taken into the van and where he was placed. Almost every eye witness — including those who say the police landed no blows at all on Kelly — is adamant that Kelly was put into the van through the rear doors. To a man the police officers deny this. He was taken, they say, through a near-side passenger door in the side of the van and laid, as the Usher report puts it, 'transversely across the second bench with his head and shoulders over the end of the seat' (see illustration); but, according to Usher, one officer says Evans got in the 'rear end of the carrier'. A PC Brophy told the inquest that to get in the

back of such a van 'I would have to climb over the rear seat.' In fact a narrow aisle runs between the rear seats. Another officer, quoted by Usher, 'states when he looked rearwards over the front seat before the van set off, he saw that Kelly had half-fallen on to the floor between the front and middle seats and his head was near to the side door which was shut (see lower illustration).

However, PCs Evans and Browning told a different story in original, unprivileged documents prepared shortly after Kelly's death. In three reports Browning consistently speaks of managing to 'place the man on the floor of the van with his face down.' Evan's notebook entry supports the floor position: 'Placed on floor of van'. In both evidence both officers said their original statements were false. They maintained Kelly had been put on a seat.

Despite these specific entries in these early

documents, no police reconstruction picture was ever taken showing Kelly lying in the position described by the officers, face down on the floor of the van, and none was ever submitted to the DPP by West Midlands ACC David Gerty. In view of Kelly's injuries, the evidence that he was suffering respiratory distress and two pathologists' strong speculation that hypoxia (lack of oxygen to the tissues) might have been a contributory factor in Kelly's death, the care given to him in the back of the van may have been critical.

THE TIME HAS PASSED for a public inquiry under the Police Act. In the wake of the Peach inquest the need is for an inquiry of greater judicial weight into the deaths of Towers, Kelly, and Peach — with a wide brief to devise fresh procedures for publicly overseeing investigation into suspicious deaths in police custody.

the apartment.

The Czech citizens were asked for their identity cards; my wife and I and a visiting French teacher, the only foreigners present, were escorted by the police to their headquarters in Bartolomejska Street. The Czechs followed shortly after and were held in the same building for three hours before being taken to detention centres. Tomin used the time to give his students a further lecture on Aristotle until the police lost patience and silenced him.

The Bartolomejska building unexpectedly resembled some convents I have known. There was the same drably austere style of decoration and the same minimally comfortable furniture designed for people totally dedicated to their calling. At bends in corridors, where nuns might have placed a statue of St Joseph or St Theresa, there were little shrines to Lenin and to Czech socialist heroes, with busts, flags, and doubtlessly edifying texts.

We three foreigners were taken off one by one for interrogation. My own examination was a repeat performance of an interview with the Czech minister at the embassy in Kensington when I complained about the earlier deportation of my Balliol colleague, Dr Newton-Smith. In each case an insistence that it was illegal to talk to Tomin's group was coupled with a remarkable unwillingness to specify what law had in fact been broken. I was asked to sign a statement, which, as read to me in English by the interpreter, seemed a very selective and inaccurate account of what I had said. I do not know whether the garbling was deliberate or due to the interpreter's obviously imperfect English. Above my signature I wrote 'I do not understand a word of Czech; as translated to me this record stands in need of correction.'

For a time it looked as if all three of us might be imprisoned and charged with some offence but by 3 am, perhaps due to the energetic complaints of the British Embassy about which we learnt some days later, it became clear that we were to be taken by car to the frontier and expelled from the Republic just as Newton-Smith had been. As we waited for the night hours to pass we recalled a remark made by Tomin to illustrate some point in Aristotle: 'When you are in prison you must not wish for the time to pass more quickly: if you do, that means they have won'.

By seven o'clock on Sunday morning we foreigners were at liberty in Bavaria. Tomin and the 20 Czech members of the Seminar were detained for the usual 48 hours and were released on Tuesday morning without any charges being made. The group will continue to meet and friends from abroad will continue to visit them.

No doubt the Czech police are genuinely convinced that Tomin is a politically motivated subversive. In fact, so far as I could tell, he believes exactly as Aristotle believed, that the life of a philosopher is superior to the pursuit of any political career. If he has a political goal, it is simply to be allowed, with his friends, that freedom to learn and teach philosophy which is sanctioned by Czech law. The secret police, of course, have unfortunately had greater opportunities than I to study Dr Tomin's motives and character. But I think they might learn to understand him better if they read Nicomachean ethics for themselves.

Donations for the Patocka University should be sent to the Secretary, Sub-Faculty of Philosophy, 10 Merton Street, Oxford.

PHILOSOPHY

'Take no illegal orders'

What is legal in Czechoslovakia and what is illegal? DR ANTHONY KENNY, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, has been testing this difficult proposition in theory and in practice.

ARISTOTLE WROTE two major works on moral philosophy; the *Nicomachean Ethics* and the *Eudemian Ethics*. The first is one of the classics of European literature; the latter is read only by a few scholars. The two treatises resemble each other closely; but they differ on one fundamental point. According to the Nicomachean ethic the ideal life for a human being is the life of a philosopher; for the Eudemian ethic philosophy, though very important, is no more than a part of the good life.

The contrast between these two treatises was to be the topic of a seminar I was to give to a group of philosophers in the flat of Dr Julius Tomin in Prague on Saturday 12 April. My wife and I had arrived in Czechoslovakia at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; we were met by Dr Tomin's wife. At the airport she apologised for her husband's absence; he was, she explained, restoring his strength after 48 hours of imprisonment following his own lectures on Aristotle on the previous Wednesday. Mrs Tomin gave us a quick tour of the architectural beauties of Prague. We would be able to see them at leisure, she hoped, on Sunday and Monday after the seminar; but in case we had to leave unexpectedly early, it would be a pity not to have had just a glimpse of them all.

The company assembled for our seminar at 7 o'clock. It was my first meeting with Dr Tomin; I had ten minutes with him before the others arrived. He looked tired, but he was obviously looking forward to a long evening of philosophy. There was no sign of the police; he thought they were unlikely to arrest anyone again so soon. But he seemed unwilling to talk about his recent imprisonment; what worried him was that I was going to quote some passages of the Eudemian ethic that were unfamiliar to him. He wanted to make sure that he understood how to translate them correctly into Czech. He pored over the text with me. His face looked very grave. 'Why is that participle in the dative?' he asked 'I do not see why.' 'It is in agreement' I said 'with a first

person plural pronoun which is understood'. He cheered up at once.

Twenty or so people of various ages arrived and filled the room. We began to discuss Aristotle. I intended to argue that the Eudemian ethic clearly had a better grasp of the good life than the Nicomachean ethic. Philosophy is indeed splendid and important; but it cannot be regarded as the sole essence of the happy life as the Nicomachean treatise invites us to believe.

I began to expound Aristotle's theory. Tomin would translate each passage with my commentary, sometimes adding comments of his own which he would then translate back into English. After a while, other members of the seminar joined in. A former professor at the Charles University, Radim Palous, objected to Aristotle's identification of philosophy with the good life. His argument was succinct: 'If the good life was the same thing as philosophy then a better philosopher would be a better man. But Plato was a better philosopher than Socrates, but he was not a good man.' Our lack of sympathy with the Aristotelian ideal made Tomin look uncomfortable. But he was not going to challenge the comparative evaluation between Socrates and Plato. The ideals and career of Socrates are very important for him and his friends. Socrates had a great respect for the laws of his city; rather than make an illegal escape from prison he drank the hemlock. But twice in his lifetime he risked death rather than obey tyrannical commands. He refused to sanction an illegal block trial ordered by panicking democrats, and during an oligarchic reign of terror he refused to carry out an illegal arrest. 'Obey the law, but take no illegal orders from anyone' is the motto of Tomin as it was of Socrates.

We continued reading the *Nicomachean Ethics*. We came to a passage where Aristotle argued that philosophy is the best of all lives, because it is the life which is hardest to take away. Other noble callings require wealth, power, and helpers; philosophy alone is something you can pursue even if you lose your money and your friends. The passage was heavily scored in Tomin's copy of the text. It was just after this that 20 uniformed and plainclothes policemen arrived and filled



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Return of the Cambridge doom-machine

'GOVERNMENT DECISIONS are now being made by reference to nothing more than a broad political philosophy together with monetarist generalisations which are demonstrably false as applied to the British economy'. This is the abrasive opening of the 1980 *Cambridge Economic Policy Review*. It is a theme which has been taken up regularly in the *NEW STATESMAN* in the last 12 months. The Cambridge group carry out a piece of clinical dissection on the Government's medium term strategy as set out in the recent *Public Expenditure White Paper*, and conclude that it is 'incomplete and internally inconsistent'.

The Group's own forecast of the British economy up to 1985, based on the assumption that present policies continue, is their most pessimistic yet. Real output falls in every year to 1985, and unemployment averages 2.6 million in 1981, rising to 4.4 million by 1985. These figures may seem unduly pessimistic, although previous Cambridge forecasts characterised as gloomy at the time, have proved optimistic in some respects when compared to the actual performance of the British economy. But a word of warning is necessary about taking the precise numbers too literally. The forecast for 1985 puts us in an unprecedented situation. Unemployment has never been so high, and real national output has never fallen in six consecutive years in the 110 years for which remotely reliable data exists. The Group's forecast and the effects of policy recommendations in this situation need to be treated cautiously, because they are using a model constructed over a period which does not remotely resemble the forecast position in 1985. In such circumstances the relationships of the model may well change. Who knows how earnings would behave if unemployment really were 4 million?

The qualitative outlook by the Group is important rather than the precise numbers, although connoisseurs of these things will enjoy checking the numbers for possible inconsistencies. One puzzling example of this is the inflation forecast under current policies, which comes down from 19 per cent in 1980 to 8 per cent in 1985. In the text, the Group argue strongly that the level of demand has *no* effect on the level of inflation. They also argue that 'it is all too likely that a severe inflationary penalty will have to be paid' for Mrs Thatcher's policies. It is not immediately obvious how this ties in with the forecast, or indeed how the forecast is arrived at.

The policy prescriptions of the Group deserve the closest scrutiny, both by economists and by the labour movement. An immediate problem is to restore full employment. Protectionism as part of a package designed to achieve this (with reflation and an industrial strategy) has substantial support. But import controls should be seen as a *temporary* expedient, designed to give a breathing space for British industry to restructure so that it can compete efficiently in world markets. The Cambridge Group argue, however, that the level of protection could be *increased* into the 1990s in order to keep economic expansion going. This ignores the fact that protectionism does involve a loss of economic welfare, as both consumers and producers are unable to buy goods at world market prices. The macro-

economic argument for protection is that this loss is *offset* by the dynamic gains of a higher level of output and employment. But this loss does exist, and is an important reason why tariffs or quotas should be seen as temporary policies, rather than as quasi-permanent ones, increasing over time.

It must be recognised, too, that in the very short-term (one to two years) protectionism will involve a real wage loss. There is no basis for the Cambridge claim that 'protection need at no stage lead to an increase in prices relative to money incomes' (p.36). Protection makes possible a higher level of real output, absorbing spare capacity, which could offset the reduction relatively quickly, but not instantaneously. The short-run real wage reduction is not an argument against protection, however, for strategies such as deflation, devaluation, and incomes policies all involve a reduction as well. Indeed, in the case of the current policy of deflation, the short run may last for ever, with real wages being kept permanently below levels which they could otherwise have reached. The only policy which would avoid a drop in real wages would be a policy of reflation, but this would only work if the rest of the world were willing to finance the resulting current account deterioration of the balance of payments.

The intention behind all existing policy prescriptions is to provide a macro-economic framework in which to develop the supply capacity of the British economy. The present Government's policy of cuts is designed to allow tax reductions which it is hoped, despite all available evidence, will dramatically increase incentives and labour productivity. The strategy of devaluation combined with incomes policy is intended to improve our trade

competitiveness and thus increase real national output by increased exports and reduced imports. And this extra demand would stimulate the supply of capital.

The protectionist strategy will similarly improve our net trade performance. In addition, by alleviating balance of payments problems, it will enable a sustained reflation and expansion of demand to take place. The expansion of public expenditure is an important part of this strategy, but it is perhaps not given enough emphasis in the *Review*. Comparing a devaluation and a tariff-plus-devaluation policy, unemployment is projected to be 1.8 million lower in 1985 on the latter option. But the main reason for this seems not to be the tariff as such, but the fact that public expenditure on goods and services is 26 per cent higher in real terms by 1985 in the latter alternative. Protection without a sustained reflation will not lead to a satisfactory outcome, as the present Government will discover if they are tempted down this path.

The private sector of British industry is a sluggish beast, and will only expand its investment if there is a strong increase in demand for goods in the home market. Even then, the response may not be sufficient, and it is here that an active industrial strategy is essential. The implementation of this is difficult to evaluate in existing economic models, so the Cambridge Group can perhaps be excused for simply making a token acknowledgement of the need for such a strategy. But new investment must be forthcoming in the breathing space afforded by protection. An interventionist industrial strategy, along with reflation, is an integral part of the protectionist approach, to enable Britain to compete efficiently in world markets.

Donald Kirk

Taiwan's show trial

ONE OF THE most bizarre trials ever held has just come to an end in Taiwan. Military officers offered to serve as 'couriers' to deliver journalists' copy for filing and local press carpishly complained of the absence of correspondents from several Western papers from one of the sessions. The 'open' trial was the Taiwan government's way of answering complaints that the eight defendants arrayed before the military tribunal might receive less than fair treatment.

The eight stand accused of the most serious acts of 'sedition' against the 'Republic of China' since 1947 when thousands of Taiwanese were massacred by 'nationalist' soldiers, well on their way to defeat on the mainland. The purpose of the trial was, of course, to legitimise what amounts to the total destruction of the Taiwanese dissidents' movement since a riot — which the eight men were charged with having instigated — on 10 December in the port city of Kaohsiung.

The dissident movement was formed around a short-lived magazine called *Formosa*. The issue at stake was whether or not the Taiwanese, 85 per cent of the island's population of 17 million, could possibly gain more than a tiny minority voice in the government. The military prosecutor claimed that the editors and managers of the magazine actually represented the 'Taiwan Independence Movement' — anathema to the mandarin regime which still regards itself as the rightful ruler of the

mainland. The most note-worthy of the defendants, Shih Ming-Teh conceded that the purpose of *Formosa* was not merely to publish a magazine but to promote democracy — a remark that the tribunal would surely interpret as admitting illicit political aims.

The Taiwan garrison command, in charge of the tribunal, would like nothing better than to inflict the maximum penalty on Shih. He himself startled the court at the end of his two week ordeal by requesting the death sentence rather than leniency. But despite the prosecutor's demand for the 'severest penalties' against all the defendants, the judges will doubtless consider other factors — none of them remotely concerned with right or wrong. One is that Shih's American wife — deported shortly after the Kaohsiung episode — is waging a crusade denouncing the regime for denying ordinary human rights and authorising torture tactics. Another is the larger issue of how harshly Taiwan's leaders believe they can crack down on dissidents without jeopardising relations with the US, which has approved the sale of arms worth nearly \$300 million to Taiwan this year.

There is little question that the court will find the defendants guilty. With barely a week to go before the 23 April deadline for imposing sentences, the betting was that most of the defendants would get approximately fifteen years, with some 32 minor figures getting up to ten years from a civil court on charges of rioting and attacking policemen. One pivotal question was whether the trial would make heroes of the defendants and thus give courage to fresh dissidence. This was a risk, though the trial also showed the regime's intention to crack down more severely in future.

Carter's futile gesture

DESPITE THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS stream of words and images about the American hostages in the Western press and television; the well-meaning efforts of such mediators as the radical Father Hilarion Capucci and the United Nations Commission; the darkening shadow of the Russian bear treading heavily on the flattened back of Afghanistan; and the holding of the presidential and parliamentary elections in Iran — the state of play between Washington and Tehran rests, basically, where it did in early January.

Then the Carter administration was actively canvassing the United Nations Security Council members to support a resolution calling for a trade boycott of Iran, and making headway. Finally the resolution won the backing of ten of the thirteen members, but was killed by a Soviet veto: a step applauded by Tehran.

Now Washington is pressing its allies in NATO, and the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), to join in an economic blockade of Iran. That it is finding the going hard is not surprising. After all, Japan imports 12 per cent of its oil from Iran; and so does West Germany.

Helped by a dispassionate view of the Islamic revolution taken by their own government officials and press, Japanese businessmen have been able to build up their exports of steel, chemicals and consumer goods to Iran to the pre-revolutionary level. And, beset with the continuing problem of trade deficit, Tokyo is understandably loath to sever its commercial ties with Tehran.

If the US succeeds in lining up its allies behind an economic boycott of Iran, what impact will that have on the Islamic republic? When America tightened the economic noose around Castro's Cuba in the early 1960s, it had the effect of pushing Cuba into the fold of the Soviet Union. History may well repeat itself in the case of Khomeini's Iran.

UNLIKE CUBA, which is 4,500 miles away from Leningrad, Iran is contiguous to Soviet Azerbaijan and Turkmenia. There are active road and rail links between Iran and the Soviet Union. And, so far, Moscow has not deliberately done or said anything that might offend Tehran.

Iran and the USSR are connected by road at Astar, on the Caspian Sea and at Julfa on the river Aras, which marks the international border between the two countries. Julfa lies 430 miles north-west of Tehran on the railway that links the Iranian capital with Moscow. (A town of 5,000 people — consisting mainly of the railway and customs staff and the clearance agents — Julfa has a much bigger Soviet twin: Dzhulfa, with a population of 50,000.) The rail link was built in 1953; and during the last decade of the Shah's rule there was a regular passenger service between Moscow and Tehran. This was discontinued after the Islamic revolution. But last December, as relations between Iran and America soured, the service was resumed, and the event publicised in the Iranian press.

However, goods traffic between the two neighbours continued uninterrupted. After a dramatic decline, due to the revolution, it went up to the extent that, by early this year, more than 300 freight cars were arriving *daily*

New Statesman 18 April 1980



at Julfa from the Soviet Union.

Significantly, 75 to 80 per cent of the goods entering Iran at Julfa originate not in the Soviet bloc but in Japan or West Europe. For many years now the West European and Japanese exporters have been using the Soviet railway system to convey goods to Iran, since this route is both cheaper and speedier than the conventional sea route. In any case, following the dramatic increase in Iranian imports, caused by the quadrupling of Iran's oil revenues after 1973, all avenues of transporting goods to Iran had to be used.

The present spurt in Julfa's popularity is due to the enormous increase in the insurance rates for ships bound for the Gulf, which was declared a war zone by the shipping insurance companies last November.

The fact that, unlike the Shah, the present government is generous in granting special licences needed to trade with the Soviets also helps. 'In the Shah's days you had to inform the local Savak before and after you went to see the Russian customs officers,' said Ayut Ajabee, a clearance in Julfa. 'You had to tell the Savak the name of the Iranian company you represented, and the time you spent with the Russians. But now you can go any time to the Russian customs, and stay as long as you like. And you don't have to inform anybody.'

The government warehouse at Julfa is vast — half a mile each way — and well-guarded, with watchtowers at four corners. Eighty miles to the south, on the outskirts of Tabriz, the capital of Azerbaijan, there is an even bigger warehouse (two miles by a mile) along the railway line that connects it to Julfa. After an interval of about a year, work was restarted last December to finish the second Julfa-Tabriz highway.

The Iranian authorities have evidently been making preparations to withstand economic blockade, and the 'Moscow Connection' is an important factor in this. Given the Soviet contacts with Japanese and West European exporters and shipping agents, and the Kremlin's willingness to help Iran, it should not be too hard to achieve.

BESIDES THE USSR, ready to help economically and diplomatically, Iran has a friendly Islamic neighbour in Pakistan. The two countries are linked by rail and road, and have long-established trade relations. Last

week Agha Shahi, Pakistan's foreign affairs adviser, 'reaffirmed' his country's solidarity with Iran, and added that the Islamic conference held in January in Islamabad (mainly to condemn the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan) had backed the Islamic revolution in Iran. On its part, Iran agreed not to send its athletes to the Moscow Olympics, as recommended by the conference. It would not require much ingenuity for Pakistan to act as an intermediary to buy whatever Iran needs, and ship it across the border.

Finally, geography is on the side of Iran. It has a thousand miles of coastline, 350 miles of which are outside the Gulf — along the Arabian Sea — in that region of the world that has a long and colourful history of smuggling. One cannot rule out the Iranian entrepreneurs, acting on behalf of their government, financing the goods needed to keep the populace fed and clothed, and industry just ticking over.

At present the Iranian treasury is hardly empty. Excluding the estimated \$8 billion worth of assets in America — currently frozen — the revolutionary regime claims to have built up foreign reserves of \$15 billion over the past year, mostly in non-dollar currencies. If and when this sum runs out Iran can expect to be helped by such rich but radical Islamic states as Libya and Algeria.

A landlocked Rhodesia, ruled by a minority government, survived a United Nations sanctioned economic boycott for 14 years. What chance is there that the revolutionary regime of Iran, with a long coastline and friendly neighbours, enjoying the support of the bulk of its people, will be humbled by an economic blockade imposed by the West? Next to none.

The American argument that a trade boycott will strengthen the hands of the moderate President Bani-Sadr cannot be taken seriously. Bani-Sadr lost his pre-eminence last month, when his followers did poorly at the parliamentary elections, which were won largely by such groups as the Islamic Republican party. It would be unrealistic to expect an external event to help him now.

In any case, since Ayatollah Khomeini — the leader who counts — has said that the fate of the American hostages is to be decided by parliament when it meets, that is it. Knowing the past behaviour of the Ayatollah, it is unlikely that he will change his mind, economic blockade or not.

How the record giants lost their voice

It is a theory much beloved of the current industry minister and others that the main responsibility for the decline of the British economy and the eclipsing of British companies in world markets rests with the trades unions. By resisting change and believing that companies can somehow survive by doing something other than providing goods which consumers want to buy, the unions have destroyed their members' jobs. Detailed study does not always bear out this simple analysis. Take, for example, the British record industry. Not so long ago two companies — EMI and Decca — both dominated the industry in this country and also led the world. Within the last year both have had to be virtually rescued by stronger companies. The story of their decline is instructive in many respects: there has been no shortage of British artists, nor indeed, of talented producers to turn their music into a marketable commodity.

As BOB WOFFINDEN reports, it was the companies' inability to come to terms with the management of a creative business, that drove — and still drives — business away. There is evidence in other industries to support the view that Britain has talents which its businessmen are often incapable of using.

TWENTY YEARS AGO the British record industry was in a surprisingly buoyant condition. The world had not yet heard of the Beatles; British pop singers were less successful in their own country than American artists and were almost unknown elsewhere; and British record companies were notoriously cautious of technical progress. Long playing records, for example, had been introduced by the American firm CBS in 1948; yet even by the early 1950s the board of EMI, the leading British company in the field, were terrified at the capital expenditure involved in LPs. Nevertheless EMI and Decca, the two main British record companies, had an 85 per cent share of the British market between them, and Philips — the only foreign firm operating in the UK — took just 3.7 per cent. EMI was not only the biggest company in Britain but the largest of all, claiming to manufacture one in every four records sold in the world. The industry, it seemed, was healthy. All that was needed was a home-grown product.

The Beatles provided it, thereby transforming the international position. The 'British invasion' of the US was no myth:

between 1960 and 1963, the four years before the Beatles' ascendancy, only ten records by British artists were best sellers in the States; for the following four years, 1964-67, this figure was 173, to which the Beatles themselves contributed 25.

In opening up a huge world market the Beatles should have benefited not just their own company, EMI, but all the others too — although EMI was naturally the first to feel the commercial effect of the Merseyside boom. Between October 1962 and February 1964 the Beatles sold seven million records and EMI's trading profits soared by 80 per cent. Decca's records division was also enjoying prosperous days (their A&R department*, which had foolishly turned down the Beatles, had been at least shrewd enough to heed George Harrison's advice and lend an ear to the Rolling Stones), but the company's growth was less spectacular than that of EMI because of setbacks in other areas, radar in particular.

In the following six months EMI reaped

*A&R: artists and repertoire — the division of the company responsible for discovering and signing acts and liaising with them.

profits of £6½ million, a further rise of 45 per cent, and subsequently the progress of the Beatles in America began to be discerned in the company's accounts since Capitol Records, its US subsidiary, had its best year to date in 1964-65, contributing 62 per cent of the group's profits. Although these did not quite match the record level of the previous year, there was still ample cause for satisfaction. What the 1964-65 accounts did not reveal, however, was that two months before the publication the backroom boys largely responsible for amassing the profits had left the company in high dudgeon.

GEORGE MARTIN was the man who, in June 1962, had had the perception to see that, awkward and derivative though they were, the Beatles' demonstration tapes held promise. Martin was one of four label managers/house producers/A&R men at EMI (the others were Wally Ridley, Norman Newell and the late Norrie Paramor). It was a team which had been painstakingly trained — Martin himself had served five years' apprenticeship — and was well equipped to turn the heady events of the time to advantage. Martin had recording responsibilities for all the Northern artists who were managed by Brian Epstein (including the Beatles), with the result that his productions topped the charts for 35 weeks in 1963.

That was the year in which EMI denied him a Christmas bonus. The reason, in EMI's judgement, was logical enough: Martin's salary in 1963 had just nudged £3,000, a level at which employees were considered sufficiently well-rewarded not to need the holiday bonus of four days' pay granted to others on the payroll. For Martin, however, the incident brought him to breaking point. He was already annoyed by the company's frugality and its reluctance to adapt to technical change. In 1964, just after the Beatles had occupied the top five places in the US singles chart simultaneously, he handed in his resignation.

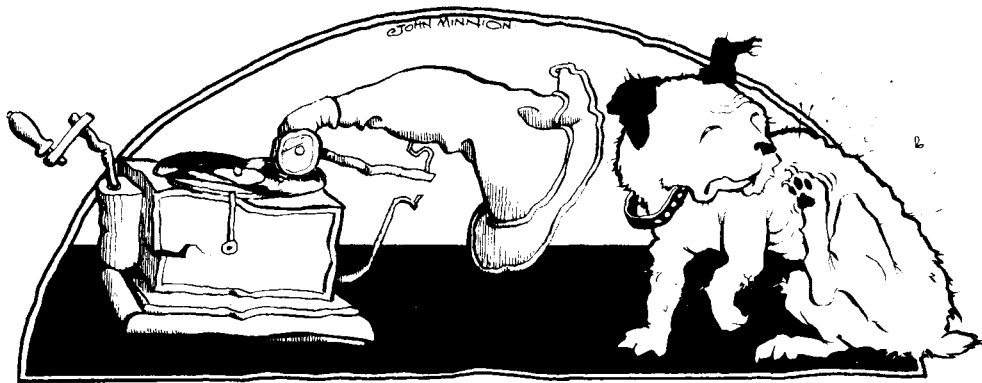
EMI made a belated attempt to persuade him to stay, offering a 3 per cent royalty deal. It was not good enough for Martin, who realised that his efforts had reaped roughly a quarter of EMI's £11 million profits in 1964, and he established an independent production company, AIR, taking with him EMI's two assistant A&R men, John Burgess and Ron Richards. What L. G. Wood, managing director of EMI Records at the time, still refers to as 'the most fantastic team of house A&R men ever assembled anywhere in the world' was thus dismantled; of those who remained loyal at the time of the Martin exodus, both Newell and Paramor subsequently went independent too. Most significantly, all the artists, from the Beatles downwards, who had worked with the dissident producers chose to retain their association with them.

Someone else who left EMI at this time was Roland Rennie, who had been personal assistant to L. G. Wood before departing to set up Polydor Records, the popular arm of Deutsche Grammophon. The rift between Martin *et al* and EMI was crucial: 'If they'd been treated with more forethought, and properly looked after, they could well have stayed. What



The Fab Four sign autographs while EMI's profits soar

Camera Press



happened instead was that by the time the record business boomed, and the dollar volume got going, the company had run out of guys who knew what they were doing.'

Towards the end of the '60s, EMI tried to tempt back both Martin and Burgess. Burgess was offered £25,000 a year — at the time of his departure he'd been on a salary of just £1,850. 'But it still didn't make sense,' he recalls, 'because by then we were earning twice as much independently.' EMI's attempt to recapture the pair was, in effect, an admission that they had never been effectively replaced and that this was a major cause of the company's later problems.

EMI's recent difficulties have often been assumed to have sprung from the company's extravagant diversification in the late '60s, as the super-profits delivered by the Beatles were used to build a vast conglomerate with concerns ranging from fire alarm manufacturers to Indian restaurants. The theory is that the original business, the music division, decayed as money was diverted away from it.

It is true, of course, that the company expanded too quickly and too haphazardly; but that is not the main explanation of last year's collapse. For one thing, the expansion occurred under the chairmanship of Sir Joseph Lockwood, who had moved his office into Manchester Square to allow him to work within the records division, and who often put in appearances at recording sessions — in short, a man who knew where EMI's priorities lay. What really wrecked EMI was the wayward policies pursued in the late '60s and early '70s by the A&R personnel. EMI did not invest inadequately in its records division, but it certainly invested improvidently: the A&R recruitment and training programme that had been in operation in George Martin's day was in disarray, and the post-Beatles belief was that the profits of one right signing would offset the losses of scores — hundreds — of wrong ones. In the twelve months from September 1973 to August 1974 the company's main labels released 185 records; only five of them were hits.¹

In 1974 Nick Mobbs was made head of A&R. He discovered an alarming roster of artists, with almost 150 acts signed to the company. (By comparison, the most successful independent company of the moment, Chrysalis Records, has 37 acts on its books; CBS (UK) has only about 40.) After weeding out the old acts, Mobbs was ready to try out some new ones. In autumn 1977 he signed the Sex Pistols for £42,000, but shortly after the band's first record appeared in the charts they aimed that barrage of undeleted expletives at Bill Grundy on Thames TV. The directors of EMI Ltd quickly decided to send the Pistols packing.

'Had they been allowed to stay,' says Mobbs, 'I think they'd have been successful internationally, and EMI would have been re-established as a progressive company — a forerunner of the punk/new wave explosion, instead of not being part of it at all. It would have made a huge difference to its profitability.' Other new wave bands became chary of signing for the company; moreover the enthusiasm of the younger members of staff was crushed and a number of them, including Mobbs, left the firm.

EMI thus entered a period of economic recession in a demoralised state, unwilling to adapt to the new mood of the younger rock audience. The crunch came at the beginning of last autumn, when the company's 1978-79 figures showed that its records division had lost £14.6 million in the second half of the year. The last contracts signed by the Beatles, which had financially and psychologically cushioned the company for too long, had expired in 1976. When there was a sales slump, EMI was stranded with massive overheads and a barren A&R strategy.

THE EXPERIENCE of Decca Records, culminating in its recent loss of independence, offers an equally depressing insight into Britain's industrial decline. The firm entered the 1960s with chairman Sir Edward Lewis heading an ageing management team. As Sir Edward grew older, and his executive functions grew in line with the company's widening interests (notably in radar and navigation), he became less and less willing to entrust anyone with responsibility. Even routine press in-

quiries about the company were often referred to him. Moreover, while the firm operated from its famous home on the Albert Embankment, most of the records division personnel worked from Great Marlborough Street. Had the latter been effectively autonomous, or had there been regular lines of communication between the two, the arrangement might have worked. As it was, employees in Great Marlborough Street, attempting to convey the simultaneous propinquity and remoteness of the headquarters, dubbed it 'East Berlin'.

'There was literally no one managing the company,' says Jonathan King, the flamboyant pop figure who, newly graduated from Sir Edward's old college (Trinity, Cambridge), was brought in as his personal assistant towards the end of the 1960s. 'The people in charge had no control over their budget, so they would just break isolated hit singles but not look to the long term future.'

Sir Edward's annual remarks to shareholders consistently alluded to the strength of Decca's classical repertoire (recordings by Joan Sutherland and others) and just as consistently ignored the popular performers who were lining the shareholders' pockets. Pop and rock artists were seen as ephemeral phenomena; no one on the management side was ever given the task of looking after artists and building their careers. What tended to happen, therefore, was that promising personalities would be signed, but released prematurely, before they had had the opportunity to establish themselves. At various times in the 1960s the company had the following artists under contract: the Rolling Stones, the Who, the Moody Blues, Cat Stevens, John Mayall, Rod Stewart, Joe Cocker, David Essex, David Bowie and Van Morrison — not to mention Tom Jones and Englebert Humperdinck. Had Decca retained such a roster it would by now be the most powerful record company in the world.

MAURICE OBERSTEIN, chairman of CBS (UK) Ltd, told the *Observer* last year that 'running a record company is no job for a grown man' — a joke, perhaps, but a revealing comment nonetheless. In Britain, rock music has not been regarded as a reputable sphere of business activity. In the late 1960s



The Sex Pistols: fired by EMI for swearing

¹Rock File 3, Ed. Charlie Gillett & Simon Frith (Panther).

UK market share in 1960 . . .

EMI	44.6%
Decca	40.6%
Pye	5.9%
Top Rank	4.3%
Philips	3.7%
Others	0.9%

(Top Rank was absorbed into EMI from August 1960.)

and in 1979

EMI	18.7%
CBS	16.2%
WEA	14.0%
Polydor	7.8%
Phonogram	5.7%
Chrysalis	4.7%
A&M	4.6%
RCA	4.0%
Decca	3.3%
Pye	3.3%
Virgin	2.9%
K-Tel	2.8%
Others	4.9%

EMI directors must have imagined that property development was not only more secure but also somehow more legitimate. Decca too sought establishment approval in other directions: in 1964, at the height of the Beatle-led export boom, the company was involved in earnest negotiations to obtain the exclusive rights to the speeches of Winston Churchill.

Yet, ironically enough, although the rock industry has been seen as not quite 'proper' compared with other enterprises, its failings are almost identical to those which have crippled much British industry. Not least is the cult of the generalist: many top administrators in the record business are as deficient in technical expertise and managerial skills as they are in many other industries (and, notoriously, in the civil service). Moreover, when EMI tried to do something about this it failed impressively: by the early '70s it was recruiting into its middle management ex-hippies who were well qualified in matters of music but had little aptitude for business affairs.

WITH SUCH a history of aberrant management, one cannot take seriously the present complaints of the companies that their financial stability is being undermined by 'in-home taping'. The British Phonographic Institute (BPI) has tried to show that its members are losing £150 million a year in this way — but that figure is purely arbitrary. After all, the four top-selling singles of the last 20 years were released in 1977 and 1978, and there is no evidence that the LP market is permanently contracting. The problems of the British record industry have been self-inflicted.

Neither EMI nor Decca ever had the correct springboard for international success — a dynamic American subsidiary. Decca's was an industry joke, and EMI wasted the opportunities presented by Sir Joseph Lockwood's enterprising purchase of Capitol Records by making no positive contributions to its performance. Capitol, in turn, vigorously asserted its independence — on three occasions it spurned chances to sign the Beatles in the US, although good sense prevailed in the nick of time. It is noticeable that the few world-ranking stars that EMI (UK) does still possess will not sign with the company in America: Paul McCartney and Pink Floyd are with CBS; the Rolling Stones and Queen are with WEA.

'There is,' says Doug Darcy, managing director of Chrysalis Records, 'nothing in-

digenous about the American market that would prevent a UK company from having a large, successful operation there' — an attitude echoed by other executives. While American performers have restored some balance since the heady days of Beatlemania, British artists have remained the most consistently inventive and successful. Yet all the major British rock acts to have emerged since the Beatles — David Bowie, Rod Stewart, Led Zeppelin, the Who — are contracted to non-UK companies, as are the Bee Gees and Fleetwood Mac, the two most successful groups of the late '70s.

The position is equally plain in the home market: the table shows that British companies' share of the UK market has declined to a pitiful 36 per cent today, and foreign companies have been able to sign up most of the leading new wave acts — Elvis Costello, the Undertones, Dire Straits, the Pretenders, Gary Numan, the Clash, the Boomtown Rats, Graham Parker, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Jam, the Police, Sham 69 and Joe Jackson.

Does it matter? On an economic level, there is an outflow of capital. On an aesthetic level, many of the crucial management decisions which affect the stature of UK artists are being taken not in London but in New York or Los Angeles.

The buoyant fortunes and realistic

managerial approach of the young, independent companies such as Chrysalis and Virgin are among the few encouraging signs. Both have now made it company policy to sign acts only on a worldwide basis, realising that there is little point in establishing an artist in the most influential market of all and allowing other companies to reap the benefit overseas. Chrysalis has taken a small step towards reversing the trend of the past two decades; in buying up the contract of the almost unknown group Blondie from the US concern Private Stock, they pulled off one of the industry coups of recent times.

Both Chrysalis and Virgin are aware of the problems inherent in trying to grow without losing touch with the market place. 'We maintain a restricted signing policy,' says Darcy, 'You must set your level of investment right, so that you're signing the right number of the right bands at the right time. That's the lesson the industry can learn from EMI.'

Meanwhile, EMI and Decca are still in an uncertain state. Michael Kuhn, a director of Polygram Leisure Ltd, says that Decca will be given an independent identity 'yet to be determined'; and at the end of March, Thorn accepted the resignations of Leslie Hill, managing director of EMI Music Europe, and of Ramon Lopez, managing director of EMI Records. One hopes that Thorn appreciate the scale of the problem they have acquired.

Ivan Hartel

Price of supporting the Plastic People

PETER CIBULKA, a young Czech musicologist who was jailed for two years in November 1978, ought to be due for release this year. But on 30 January, he was sentenced to a further year's strict regime for 'holding hunger strike and refusing work' — the result of his protest against unrelentingly harsh treatment at Bory prison factory near Pilsen. Though ostensibly convicted of 'agitation and incitement', his real crime was supporting the banned rock group Plastic People — the focus of Czech working class unofficial culture.

Cibulka and two fellow Plastic People supporters were declared enemies of Czechoslovakia at their trial. Their wrongdoing consisted of aiding the dissemination of Charter 77 documents and other proscribed literature. Cibulka was also accused of organising two unofficial concerts at which tapes of Plastic People's hit, *100 per cent*, were given out. A particularly grave piece of evidence against him was a letter, intercepted by the secret police before delivery, containing the Plastic People composition *Easter Passion Play* (recently smuggled to the West and available on the Bozi Mlyn label), and a copy of the Czech dissident poet Vaclav Havel's *Open Letter to President Husak*.

Cibulka and his co-defendants denied that they were enemies of Czechoslovakia, pointed to the undemocratic manipulation of the legal system and reaffirmed their support for Charter 77. Cibulka also argued that Czech underground music was of high cultural and artistic value.

Available evidence suggests that Cibulka has been, from the start, earmarked for special treatment. While in Bory prison factory he has been repeatedly assaulted by his fellow prisoners (apparently with the con-

nivance of the authorities). He has twice been put in solitary and has had his food rations reduced for several fifteen-day periods. His insufficient training for his work of ball-bearing assembly has prevented him from fulfilling work quotas.

In order to give weight to his demands, consistently ignored, for reassignment to another workshop, Cibulka declared a hunger strike last year. Only after fellow prisoners joined his strike was he moved to a prison hospital — his weight reduced to 49 kilos. Doctors recommended his transfer to another workshop. Instead Cibulka received a second period of solitary. He responded with another hunger strike — only to be given an extra year in jail for his 'misbehaviour'. According to recent reports the assaults continue.

Cibulka's parents have appealed to the International Red Cross, VONS (Committee to defend the unjustly prosecuted) to the Prosecutor General and Ministry of Justice, Charter 77 to the Federal Assembly and Amnesty International to the Czech President. All have been unsuccessful. In an unprecedented step a group of Brno citizens have organised a mass petition and demonstration; 176 signatures have been gathered — some of which have already been sent to the authorities. The organisers themselves, however, have been subject to harassment and arrest — as have some of the signatories. All those attending a seminar at Julius Tomin's Jan Patočka alternative university were arrested on 19 March. Only eight were detained, including Tomin, until late on the 21st. All eight had signed the petition. The demonstration, planned for 15 March, was prevented by the detention of likely participants and the sealing of the square where it was due to be held.

The authorities can afford to hound Cibulka while he remains unknown and defenceless. Their efficient, though extremely nervous, reaction to the Brno petition and demonstration indicates their intention to keep him that way.

An illusion of balance

NEXT WEEK sees the long-awaited publication of *More Bad News** Glasgow University's second study of television news coverage. Based on a comprehensive analysis of bulletins at the time of the Social Contract, it shows how the news is organised to reflect the views of the most established and conservative interests in society. **GREG PHILO, JAMES DUFFY and JENNY BUCHANAN**, members of the Glasgow research team, report on their findings and present the results of a more recent study, which looks at the news coverage of last year's Labour Party conference.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO Richard Francis, BBC's Director of News and Current Affairs, for explaining why television journalists turn naturally to 'important people' such as senior civil servants and government ministers when they want to know what is important about the economy or industry. It is quite simply (said Francis in a letter to the *NEW STATESMAN* on 20 April last year) because these 'are the people whose decisions largely determine the way things will be run in our democracy'.

So the people who run things are the people whose views are most regularly conveyed to us on television. Their opinions are by definition the important ones. Their access to the media increases their power because all other points of view tend to be eclipsed. And the more powerful they become, in this extraordinary vicious circle, the safer and stronger is their right of access to the media.

Of course, there is always an illusion of balance: reports are included in news bulletins from what appear to be opposing sides of political or industrial disputes. But the views of one side have a totally different status, meaning and legitimacy from those of the other. Rationality and hard 'realism' appear to be the prerogative of the dominant view. What is apparently the pragmatism of the 'actual' world is set against the 'political' demands of the Left — as summarised in this BBC post-budget bulletin, monitored by the Glasgow Media Group in April 1975:

One of our Westminster staff said criticisms and praise were evenly matched. Right wingers said the budget was realistic, left wingers said that it wasn't socialist. (BBC 9 pm 16.4.75).

The Glasgow group monitored all national television news programmes in the first four months of 1975. It was the time of the Social Contract, when the policies of Callaghan and Healey, favouring wage restraint as the key to fighting inflation, drew support from the centre and right of the Labour Party, from sections of the TUC and the CBI, and from the Treasury. Alternative economic analyses and political strategies scarcely got a look in. There were 17 occasions during that four-month period when someone argued on the television news that wage restraint and lower wages were not the way to resolve the economic crisis. There were 289 occasions when other people argued that this was exactly what was needed.

A budget preview, on 19 March 1975, conveyed uncritically Mr Healey's call for a 'tough budget':

If we don't tighten our belts the implication is that foreign creditors from whom we borrow will insist that we do before they lend us any more. Without more modest wage deals and better productivity on the shop floor Mr Healey says our prices will soon be rising twice as fast as our competitors. So his message called for belt-tightening and the party meeting rejected a call for an opposite give-away budget' (BBC 1 9 pm).

Not only was the alternative view not explain-

ed; but the whole tradition of Keynesian economics was dismissed in a single phrase ('an opposite give-away budget').

When the budget appeared, ITN announced: In the toughest of budgets, the Chancellor, Mr Healey, has fired a broad side at all those who have taken high pay rises. These he said were the main cause of the present rate of inflation. (10 pm 15.4.75)

Such coverage operates within one set of economic and political assumptions. And in following the logic and prescriptions of only one view, there is a constant need to re-work or discount information which contradicts it. In March 1975, ITN had reported that according to the government 75 per cent of all pay rises were being settled within the Social Contract (1 pm 3.3.75). Many people argued at this time that an even higher proportion were 'within' the pay limits, because the figures had been wrongly calculated. This meant, in practice, that the mass of working people were effectively taking wage cuts. Who then, a month later, were all those people taking, 'high pay rises'?

LEFT-WINGERS are presented, at best, as irrational dreamers, at worst as sinister subversives. We wait in vain for a TV news investigation of 'blue moles' in the Labour Party — those conservatives in its membership who reject its constitution, or who do not believe in Clause Four. News coverage of last year's Labour Party conference seemed to assume that the right-wing had a monopoly on realism. On BBC2, for example, a journalist commented:

Two conflicting themes have dominated this conference — the call of principle, the demands of reality. (11 pm. 3.10.78).

A call was made at the conference for greater democracy in the party. In essence, this would involve a shift in power from the Parliamentary Labour Party to the National Conference and to constituency parties. Inside the Labour Party, there were three sets of opinion on the proposed changes. The right-wing opposed them and attempted to dismiss the debates as foolish internal squabbling, fomented by the left to further their own ends. They demanded party unity, based broadly on the existing party structure and their position within it. The left case was that internal democracy (and party reform) was necessary to reflect grass-roots opinion and to establish an alternative socialist strategy. Such a platform had to be worked out before seeking re-election. A third group supported the constitutional changes on their own merit, and did not identify themselves with the 'left-wing'.

The BBC's coverage relentlessly pursued the views of the first group — that it was all down to the machinations of the left. This was, of course, hotly disputed by many in the party. Thus Robin Day interviewed Frank Allaun:

**More Bad News*, Routledge & Kegan Paul. £17.50



Day: Can you deny that the object of these reforms is to ensure greater left-wing control of the party, Mr Allaun?

Allaun: I certainly do. I say the object of these reforms is to make the Party more democratic, so that the parliamentary leaders respond to the decisions of the rank and file. (BBC2 11 pm, 1.10.79.).

And again, Robert MacKenzie interviewing Eric Heffer:

MacKenzie: How do you feel that the left has fared. . . ?

Heffer: Well I'm not sure you can actually say it's just the left who want re-selection. . . (BBC2 11 pm, 2.10.79.).

There is a notable absence of such questions as:

Mr Healey, can you deny that your calls for unity are no more than an attempt to avoid criticism of the last government?

The dominant theme for the BBC was that the constitutional changes were intended 'to ensure greater left-wing control of the party' as Robin Day put it. The proposals for democracy and accountability appeared merely as a facade behind which the left could work. One of the key proposals was that the National Executive should have ultimate control over the content of the party's manifesto. Of 17 references made by the BBC to the decision on this, 13 were introduced as either 'another victory for the left-wing' (BBC2 7.30 pm 3.10.79), 'strongly supported by Mr Benn' (BBC1 5.40 pm 3.10.79) or 'a serious defeat for Mr Callaghan' (BBC 12.45 pm 3.10.79). Only two references described the changes as having anything to do with 'democracy' and 'accountability'.

Such coverage has the function of isolating the Left and of downgrading their case. More seriously, it involves a major distortion of the range of views inside the Labour Party. The beliefs of those who favoured reform but who were not on the left were substantially ignored. This was commented on in *Labour Weekly* by R. Websdale, a delegate who had moved one of the motions for reform:

I am astonished that the commitment to democratise is viewed as the prerogative of solely the left-wing. (5.10.79).

THE AMOUNT of attention devoted to Tony Benn also helped convey a distorted impression of what was going on inside the Labour Party. A range of policies were presented as though they 'belonged' to one individual, already identified as irrational, rather than having any broad support within the Party. Benn got more air time than any other individual at the conference. On Wednesday, 3 November, for example, the BBC 9 o'clock news presented two excerpts from speeches by Benn, totalling one minute and 54 seconds, compared with 58 seconds for Healey, 27 seconds for MP Gavin Strang and 25 seconds for APEX General Secretary Roy Grantham. On that day the BBC covered the conference's vote on the Party's manifesto and a speech by Benn (ITN was on strike at the time).

Newscaster: Mr Benn's day at the Labour Party conference.

Reporter: Very much Mr Benn's conference, then. (BBC1 12.45, 3.10.79).

Newscaster: An ovation for Tony Benn, as the Labour Party conference at Brighton gives the National Executive control over the Party's manifesto. The change, strongly supported by Mr Benn, was carried. . .

Reporter: So Mr Benn won the two most significant of the three votes he needed to change the balance of power within the Party. (BBC1 5.40, 3.10.79).

Newscaster: An ovation for Tony Benn. . . The change in procedure, strongly supported by Mr Benn. . . (BBC2 7.30, 3.10.79).

While BBC1's 9 o'clock news bulletin referred only to Labour's 'left-wing', the visual display showed Tony Benn on the platform, and the conference delegates applauding. At no time did the BBC explain why Benn was addressing the conference. It was a 'rallying speech' (9.00 News); 'his speech after the vote' (5.40 News). On both bulletins, BBC audiences were told that Benn was applauded as the decision on the manifesto was announced. In fact, his speech was a reply from the NEC to the debate on future policies, which came *after* the vote on the manifesto, delayed from the previous day.

Denis Healey, who also appeared on every news bulletin that day was described on BBC2's 7.30 News as 'Shadow Chancellor' and on BBC1's 9.00 News as 'former Chancellor'. Benn was not described at all by any news bulletin, until the 9.00 News, when he was referred to as 'Labour's leading left-winger'. Thus, Healey was presented as someone holding a senior official position within the party, while Benn was not. No mention was made of the fact that he was a member of the NEC and Chairman of its Home Policy committee (which would account for his replying to the debate on future policies).

Even Benn's absence is noteworthy. Interviewing Eric Heffer on BBC2, Robert MacKenzie persistently inquired why he, Heffer, rather than Benn was speaking for the Party's Executive:

MacKenzie: Where is Tony, why is he not speaking in these debates? . . . Are you not surprised to be replying to all these debates, not having Tony or anybody else?

Heffer: I think the media really has gone out of its way to build up this picture that we're all creatures of Tony. (11.00, 2.10.79).

THERE IS A SIGNIFICANT difference between the singling out of Mr Benn and the regular references to established figures of authority for their interpretation of current affairs. Benn is presented as personifying certain policies, but these are seldom examined in any detail and so lack credibility. Our research carried out in 1975 showed that while the policies of Chancellor Healey were constantly reinforced by the selective use of government figures, the policies of Industry Secretary Benn were treated in quite another way. For example, Benn's Industry Bill was intended to reverse the decline in private investment. Ten days before it was introduced in the Commons, the Department of Trade and Industry produced figures predicting a disastrous fall in industrial spending on plant and equipment. These crucial estimates were never used to explain or justify the Industry Bill.

Official figures on prices and wages, on the other hand, were constantly used (in the words one BBC journalist) 'to rub in Mr Healey's warning about wage-led inflation

and pay rises well in excess of the cost of living'. In the first four months of 1975, ITN made only four general references to the investment which were linked to the new Industry Bill. On BBC, during that time, the past inadequacies of private capital were not once referred to as a reason for the new industrial policy.

THE ARRIVAL of a Conservative government has made little difference to the way television news portrays the left. The centre-right of the Labour party is presented as the only viable alternative to Thatcher — and as such retains a share of credibility and legitimacy. The left stays out on a limb where it has always been — purveyed to the public as an unwholesome bunch of dreamers or subversives. The television companies are content to acknowledge that they do, indeed, give more serious and extensive coverage to the policies of the centre and right: after all, they would argue in self-defence, are not the views of these people the dominant views? Apparently they imagine this state of affairs developed quite independently of their own actions as broadcasters.

Richard Carver

Tolbert's dynasty comes to an end

THOUGH styled a multi-party democracy, Liberia had only one party and no universal suffrage. The end of civilian rule through a military coup last Saturday therefore worries the political obituarists more than it does most Liberians.

President William Tolbert, who was killed in the takeover, had largely prepared the way for his own downfall when on 1 April parliament decided to ban the only official opposition, the Progressive People's Party. Already 96 people, including the PPP's leader Gabriel Baccus Matthews, had been arrested for allegedly organising a general strike on 8 March. They were due to appear in court last Monday, 14 April, many of them on charges of treason and sedition which carry the death penalty. Now the PPP is in government and some of Tolbert's ministers face trial.

It was on 14 April last year that the present instability began. The government put the price of a 100 lb bag of rice up from \$22 to \$25 and the Progressive Alliance of Liberia, the PPP's forerunner, called a protest. At the end of the day about 100 people had been shot dead and Guinean troops were on the streets to keep order. Until 14 April 1979 the Tolbert government had seemed happy to countenance the existence of the PAL, but it now tried to stop it registering as a political party, the PPP.

The day before the party was due to present its articles of association to the probate court, unusual troop movements began, children were sent home from school and the radio announced that the court was closed. This was not true, but in the event the PAL did not turn up to register 'in the interests of the peace and harmony of our country'. It finally registered in December.

Although it called the first rice protest and then the 8 March general strike, the tone of the PAL/PPP has been moderate. It described

itself as a 'loyal opposition' and Matthews wrote to Tolbert after last 14 April that 'those of us who were so confident about our methods now have every reason to thoroughly re-examine them'. Even the general strike, aimed only to form a coalition until the next general election. This is what seems to have happened since the coup, with members of Tolbert's government included in the new administration.

TOLBERT'S True Whig Party was unused to opposition of whatever shade. (Whig in this context is not the party of Fox and Macauley but the acronym of 'We Hope In God'.) It had ruled uninterrupted for 110 years or so and in 1955 had banned the last opposition party, assassinating its leaders. Tolbert, President for the last nine years, had been deputy to President William Tubman for 19 years. Tolbert was Tubman's son-in-law and Tubman's son was a prominent member of the administration. Tolbert's son was widely tipped to succeed his father, not least by himself. It was this dynasty that the PPP threatened to disturb. What worried TWP hardliners most was that moderates in the government would realign with the PPP. In fact the more fundamental threat came from the Movement for Justice in Africa (MOJA), also represented in the new government.

The political elite, closely identified with US business interests, is made up of descendants of the freed American slaves who colonised the country in the early 19th century. According to one early Americo-Liberian, 'Both our position and our circumstances make us the guardians, the protectors, and the teachers of our heathen tribes.' The 'heathen tribes', the indigenous Liberians, make up 90 per cent of the population. This division is enshrined in the constitution in a long-buried clause restricting the vote to property-owners. Far from trying to abolish this clause, as the obituarists would have it, Tolbert disinterred it for use in the elections for mayor of Monrovia, to stop a MOJA victory. It was only popular discontent (and pressure from some employers who doubted his political wisdom) which made Tolbert back down.

Damages claimed for nuclear workers

JOHN SIMPSON had worked at Windscale for almost 30 years and by the summer of 1978 he was a very sick man. His union, the General and Municipal Workers', sent him to their solicitor, Ian Robertson, in Newcastle upon Tyne. 'I took one look at him,' says Robertson, 'and decided that I must act quickly.' The next day Simpson was examined by a medical specialist. The day after that he was dead — from cancer of the pancreas.

The GMWU and Simpson's family believe his death stemmed from exposure to radiation — he was a Windscale process worker — and are claiming damages from British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL). An order for trial, recently obtained in Carlisle, has set Simpson's case for the first four months of 1981. His is just one in a growing list of radiation cases to come before the courts. So far, four cases have been settled — all out of court — for a total of £126,000. And three other cases, besides Simpson's, are at various preliminary stages.

The most advanced is that of John Lofthouse, of Distington in Cumbria, who is unique because he is the only subject of an active case who is still alive. Lofthouse, 53, claims that cataracts, for which he has undergone two operations, were induced by radiation. He still works at Windscale and his case has been ordered to trial, like Simpson's, in the first four months of 1981.

Proceedings in the case of Geoffrey Southward were filed in the last few days of 1979. He also worked at Windscale and died in January 1975 of myeloid leukaemia. Lofthouse and Southward, like Simpson, are backed by the GMWU. Meanwhile, solicitors for the Association of Government Supervisors and Radio Officers (AGSRO) are gathering evidence on the case of Stanley Higgins, who died in February 1979 after a long illness which the union and his widow believe to be attributable to radiation damage.

Higgins had received the highest exposure among a group of workers involved in a blowback in 1973 at the old Head End plant of the fuel reprocessing works at Windscale. According to the report on the accident, Higgins inhaled a large amount of Ruthenium-106, giving him a dose of 1,500 rems. The maximum permitted annual dose for a radiation worker is 5 rems.

Higgins's case is more complicated than the others because the direct cause of death was a heart attack, but there was serious physical deterioration before death. Higgins's widow says he began to suffer thyroid problems about four years before he died and also suffered from two unexplained blackouts.

The ASGRO's solicitor, Philip Avery in Taunton, Somerset, hopes to have gathered enough medical evidence on Higgins's case by June to begin proceedings.

BEFORE 1977 WHEN THE FIRST radiation lawsuit was won, BNFL had consistently claimed that any cancer or illness suffered by their workers was due to natural causes. The concession that a 'nuclear' cancer or illness exists has been dragged painstakingly from them.

The legal breakthrough came in 1977 in the case of Jonathan Troughton, who worked at
New Statesman 18 April 1980

Windscale handling plutonium rods and died of cancer of the bone marrow. Robertson started work on Troughton's case in 1972 at the GMWU's request. 'The idea', says Robertson, 'was to get several test cases together for maximum impact. I couldn't say whether or not we would win because we had virtually nothing to go on. But we did know that all the information we needed was locked up in the files of BNFL.'

They fought a series of mini legal battles to get to the medical and works records of the men, and spent further time cross-checking and finding experts to examine the information. Then, in 1977, just as the case was about to be heard, BNFL settled out of court for £22,500, on a full liability basis but without conceding liability. At about the same time, £8,000 was awarded to the widow of Harry King, also a Windscale worker.

During this same period, Robertson had been working on the case of Malcolm Pattinson, who died at age 36 from leukaemia. Pattinson's case was held up for a few years while Robertson sought and obtained further information about other Windscale workers who had died from leukaemia. This led to the GMWU's biggest victory yet. In November 1979 Pattinson's widow was awarded £67,000 — again out of court, but this time BNFL conceded that liability was no longer an issue. BNFL said that the case was 'not a precedent', and that all cases would be considered 'on their own merits' but Robertson was understandably jubilant.

And just after the Pattinson award, AGSRO's solicitor Avery negotiated a £28,500 out of court settlement for the widow of James Connor from the Treasury Solicitor, on behalf of the Atomic Energy Authority. Connor had been employed at Windscale and then at the AEA's nuclear research establishment at Winfrith, Dorset, until his death in 1976 at age 39 from myeloid leukaemia.

WHILE THE RADIATION cases up to now have centered on Windscale, there are rumblings from workers at other nuclear installations, principally the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. The disquiet there stems from the events of 1978 when the top secret bomb making plant was partly closed after three women working at a special laundry and nine men in the research block were found to have twice as much plutonium in their bodies as permitted by international recommendations.

The Ministry of Defence appointed Sir Edward Fochin to head an independent inquiry. His report in November 1978 was severely critical of plant procedure, building design and deficient staffing, and said that concentrations of plutonium in the plant's air 'commonly exceed' the maximum permitted levels.

The Ministry of Defence also undertook to scan test every Aldermaston worker to determine the plutonium levels in their bodies, and to look through the medical records of former employees to find possible candidates for examination. This process turned up high plutonium readings in a sizeable number of workers.

Three Aldermaston employees — Kenneth Cummins, Bert Newman and Donald Kent —

have died since then of cancer-type diseases.

Unions for the three men are investigating whether excessive exposure to radiation may have killed them. The case of Cummins, whose inquest was held last year, is the most advanced, with the TGWU currently deciding whether to begin proceedings, while the AUEW's solicitor is still gathering medical evidence on Newman and Kent. Both told their union before their deaths — Newman in August 1979 and Kent several months ago — that they wished to pursue claims because the tests done on them had shown excessive plutonium readings.

THE PROBLEM for all the solicitors involved in these cases is to prove that radiation (in relatively low doses) has caused a client's illness. They must be able to show exposure over a length of time in which there is a statistically increased incidence of the illness when compared with the general population.

Such evidence is acknowledged to be extremely hard to gather and any conclusions reached are debatable. Robertson, Avery and the Aldermaston lawyers look to research from the United States (known as the 'Mancuso data') which tends to show that cancer hazards are higher than expected at low levels of radiation. There is also a 1976 report from the International Commission on Radiological Protection which concludes that any level of radiation can be a hazard. On the other side of the fence, experts continue to say that exposure below a certain threshold is harmless — but this argument has become discredited recently as an arbitrary judgment of a socially acceptable level of death and injury.

Although it is clear that the door is slowly swinging open here for radiation cases, it is important to note that all the cases which have so far been won or which are being seriously considered involve workers who have died or were in some way injured.

It is generally accepted that there is no legal entitlement to damages until there is actual injury. (This has yet to be tested since all the cases so far have concerned 'injured' parties.) There are, however, scores of known cases in which, although there has been no injury, workers have proof that they were excessively exposed to radiation. Windscale itself has documented the cases of 57 workers who were 'contaminated' by plutonium between 1960 and 1978. And solicitor Avery in Taunton has 'about a dozen' cases on which he is gathering information on workers at various nuclear installations around the country who have been exposed to excessive radiation.

At Aldermaston, there are more than 60 similar cases which were turned up during testing after the 1978 scare — none with a specific injury. 'I've taken all those no-injury files and put them away,' says a London lawyer for one of the unions involved. If and when his uninjured clients begin to get sick or die, the files will surely come back out again.

And since the ill effects from radiation will be a growing concern for unions and their solicitors, at least two of the lawyers — Philip Avery and Ian Robertson — are disposed to pool information on the subject in the hope that cases will not be overlooked or lost for lack of knowledge and co-operation.

The modern workhouses

FRANCIS WHEEN reports on 'spikes' — the places which are used as dumping grounds for the destitute.

TAKE THE BUS from Newcastle to Durham and after twelve miles, just past Chester-le-Street, you will see on your right a collection of Nissen huts enclosed by a perimeter fence. It looks like an army camp. In fact, it was used as accommodation for Bevin Boys during the war and has since become Plawsworth Reception Centre — or, as all its occupants call it, the spike.

Those who have read *Down and Out in Paris and London* will already know something about spikes. They are the successors to the casual wards of workhouses, but in some cases the succession has been so smooth that it is difficult to perceive much difference. Casual wards themselves were introduced by the 1834 Poor Law Act to provide shelter for 'destitute wayfarers'; in return for their accommodation the inmates had to perform tasks such as stone-breaking before they would be released. Since then there have been several changes of management: after the 1948 National Assistance Act the casual wards were renamed 'reception centres' and were placed under the control of the National Assistance Board; in 1966 the Supplementary Benefits Commission (SBC) took over; later this year the SBC itself will be abolished and responsibility for the spikes will pass to the Secretary of State at the Department of Health and Social Security. Yet the spikes themselves have changed remarkably little. When the Social Security Bill becomes law (it is now in its final stage) it will remove the obligation to perform tasks, as well as disposing of some other poor law relics. As Lynda Chalker, Under-Secretary of State for Health and Social Security, proudly announced during the Bill's committee stage:

We are dropping the power to make regulations concerning order at the centres, and other obsolete provisions on designation of centres for detaining people . . . It is a further step away from the Poor Law image, task work and so on.

But is the government doing more than changing the *image* of the spikes? Apparently not; in

the same speech Ms Chalker said that 'the changes in the Bill . . . are actually very small.'

Perhaps no reform is needed? Accompanied by Chris Schwarz, a photographer, I visited Plawsworth reception centre to find out. We could have gone elsewhere, of course, to one of the more notorious spikes such as Camberwell. But no one attempts to defend Camberwell: it occupies a monstrous old workhouse building with 100-bed dormitories, and there have been allegations of violence by staff. Plawsworth, on the other hand, enjoys quite a high reputation among the homeless: several people with experience of most of the 23 spikes in Britain told us that Plawsworth was 'the best'.

We walk up the path, through the gate and into the hut which serves as an entrance hall. After an informal interview with the manager — a bald, kindly man, with shining face and wire-rimmed glasses — we are separated and interviewed by two other officials. We are given forms to fill in: age, birthplace, what work we've done in the last seven weeks, next of kin, state of health. After we satisfy them, we are issued with a roller towel, a bar of soap, a plastic pint mug, a knife, a spoon and a fork. While we take a compulsory bath, our shirts are scanned for lice.

Pyjamas are provided for us to put on when we get out of the bath; I am given an off-white pair of pyjama trousers, made of nylon, which are torn at the top and stained yellow round the crotch. The staff are unable to find a pyjama top for me, so I ask permission to keep my day shirt. The rest of our clothes and belongings are put in blue plastic baskets which we are allowed to reclaim in the morning.

We are taken into a side office for a late supper, which consists of an enormous helping of nutritious but tepid Scotch Broth from one urn, half a pint of watered cocoa from another, and lashings of Mother's Pride. We are also given a small wrapped portion of cheese, but my Double Gloucester has had its corner nibbled through by a mouse. It is nevertheless accepted by our companion at table, 'Harry' (not his real name), who arrived at the spike shortly after us and is now bathed and pyjamaed. He was especially looking for-



Sight that greets visitors to Plawsworth

Chris Schwarz

ward to seeing his friends: 'I've got a couple of mates in here — they'll get a right surprise when they wake up tomorrow and find me. There's one of them I haven't seen since I was inside with him.' And when was that? 'Last September.'

There was a sad postscript to this conversation. At breakfast the next day Harry spotted one of his mates sitting at a table in the canteen, and rushed over to give him an enthusiastic greeting. The reply was a grunt, as his mate returned his attention to the porridge.

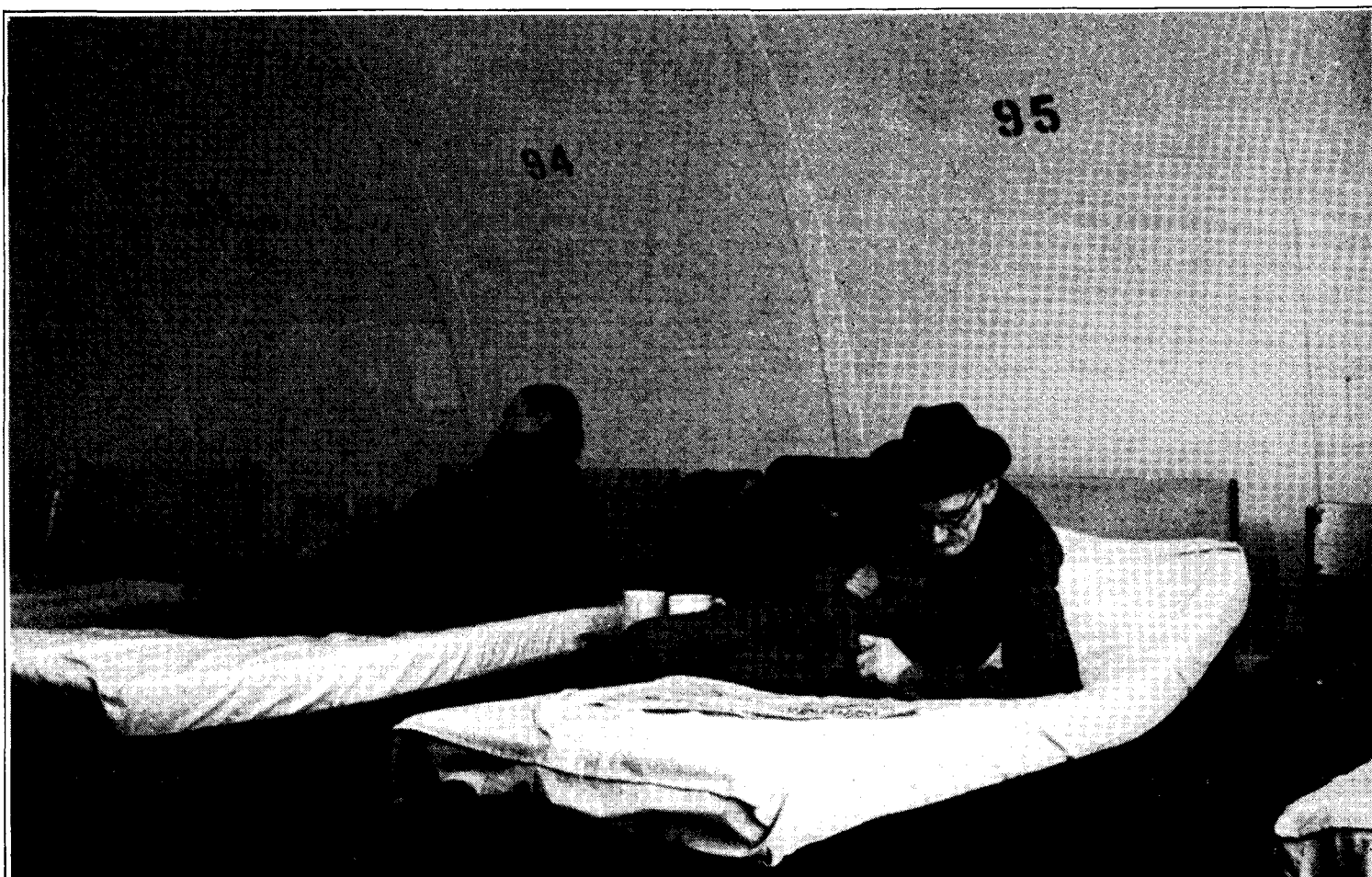
ABSENCE from Plawsworth had made Harry's heart grow fonder, but his rebuff at breakfast swiftly reminded him of the reality of these places. The core of Plawsworth spike is a long, empty corridor, off which on either side are a number of Nissen hut dormitories. After our supper Chris Schwarz and I were sent to dormitory number 10, a room containing 16 beds of which 11 were occupied. A couple of men looked up as we entered at 9 pm; the rest were already asleep. We wandered down the corridor to the television room. 'Come to Hepworths and buy this elegant suit for only £64!' The viewers, who receive under £5 a week, gaze unemotionally.

Life in the spike passes in slow motion. Like 'the old fools' in Larkin's poem of that name, the inmates sit through 'days of thin continuous dreaming/Watching light move'. There is little else to do. The idea that these people are being 'rehabilitated' and 'prepared for re-establishment in society' is a joke. There are the tasks to be done, of course — sweeping the floors, cleaning the kitchen — but no one finds them particularly taxing. Most of the day is spent simply sitting in the bare dormitories, occasionally talking, reading a bit, but mainly just staring. Men are not allowed out of the compound without permission, and are usually told to return within ten minutes or they will find the door barred to them. Normally a few men will go to the local shop immediately after breakfast to col-



An inmate at Plawsworth takes the air

Chris Schwarz



Days of thin continuous dreaming, watching light move

Chris Schwarz

lect a bulk order of tobacco and newspapers. The men then sit around comparing the racing tips in the *Sun* and the *Mirror*.

Not, you understand, that the men actually bet. For one thing they can't escape from the compound to back their fancies; but in any case they don't have the money with which to do it. Once you enter a spike you forfeit your entitlement to supplementary benefit; instead, after living there a week or so, you receive 'pocket money' of £4.65 a week. This will rise to a princely £5.45 a week in November.

DUMPING itinerants in institutions such as this is obviously not a satisfactory solution to their problems. Nor is it meant to be. The purpose of the centres, in the words of the 1977 Supplementary Benefit Act, is that 'persons without a settled way of living' should be 'influenced to lead a more settled life' — in other words, to return to society, to proper houses and jobs. Some of the centres are called re-establishment centres, and under the new Social Security Act all reception centres are to have their names changed to 'resettlement units'.

Precious little resettlement takes place, however. It is worth quoting at some length what was said by Mr Phillips, the manager of the Brighton spike, at a day conference on homelessness in December 1978:

I get an awful lot of referrals to the centre which are described in the one word — pitiful. Abject psychiatric patients, people with two artificial limbs — I've had them referred here by various agencies locally but . . . in four years I've never had a call from an outside agency asking what I did with them. They have never called in the next week or the next year to see what happened to that man. In other words a whole lot of people are, as it were, literally dumped at the centre and

we're powerless to really cope. We have no psychiatric people, no medically trained people, we've nothing here but practical assistants who run the centre in a sense as a small hotel, and two civil servants. We haven't any way of really coping with these people. In the long run we don't succeed very well at all.

The lack of success, it should be said, is not the fault of the staff at spikes, who are generally selfless and decent people but who are operating a hopeless system which, despite its new title, does not resettle people. The DHSS conducted a survey on the night of 21 June last year and found that of the 1,610 people in centres that night, 600 had a priority right to proper housing under the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act. Yet in a parliamentary reply last October Lynda Chalker told Robert Kilroy-Silk MP that, in the year ending 31 July 1979, of 14,988 individuals who used centres only 139 went into local authority housing, housing association tenancies or 'Part III accommodation' (old people's homes). In other words, the official figures suggest that 37 per cent of those in spikes are entitled to priority housing and fewer than 1 per cent are actually receiving it.

LAST YEAR the Campaign for the Homeless and Rootless (CHAR) published a pamphlet called *Putting an End to the Workhouse*, which proposed that the government should make a firm public commitment to close the reception centres. 'In the past,' said CHAR, 'governments have argued that such a commitment cannot be given till a range of services to replace centres is made available. In CHAR's view, those services will never be supplied, and unwanted centres will continue to be built, unless the government openly resolves to close all the centres.' CHAR suggested that the Secretary of State should agree to close all cen-

tres on 1 January 1982, although they made it clear that what they really wanted was for the government to set a target date, and they would not be too unhappy if it was, say, 1983 or 1984 instead. As Jock Stallard MP said during the committee stage of the Social Security Bill, governments are not usually averse to setting targets so it seems odd that they are not willing to do it in this case; especially as the government *has* set a date for the closure of the most notorious spike, at Camberwell, South London. The lease on Camberwell runs out in 1985 and the DHSS has said that it will not try to renew it but, in the words of Lynda Chalker, will 'ensure that by 1985 there will be sufficient bed spaces available — at best in small units — to enable Camberwell to be closed.' Very well; but if they can do it for Camberwell, why not for the rest? Professor David Donnison, chairman of the Supplementary Benefits Commission (SBC) said at a housing seminar last year that:

Camberwell is a special case — but only because it is bigger and more forbidding than other centres, more urgently in need of closure, and harder to replace. Other centres pose similar problems.

In *Municipal Journal* a year earlier Professor Donnison wrote that spikes provide for homeless people 'in ways that are bound to stigmatise them and make it harder for them to gain a footing in normal jobs and normal housing.' These, remember, are the words of the man who is at present responsible for them. His strictures are echoed by those who actually use the spikes, although they put it more bluntly. One destitute man, who had lived at Plawsworth spike for a while but had now left, was full of praise for the quality of the food and the cleanness of the beds. 'But I won't go back there. It's a prison without bars.'

Will Gaza-first become Gaza-only?

JUST OFF GAZA's Palestine Square, where pictures of Gamel Abdul Nasser hang reverentially in dark coffee shops, workmen are still busy repainting the offices of the Red Crescent Society, almost gutted in January by a mob of 2,000 Muslim fundamentalists who ran amok, unhindered by usually vigilant Israeli security forces.

The attack on the Red Crescent, widely acknowledged as the stronghold of local leftists and supporters of the Palestine Liberation Organization, was the loudest and most ominous of a series of noises to have rumbled through the Gaza Strip since Camp David placed a question mark over its future. Yet the confrontation between the religious purists and their godless victims was only symptomatic of more complex tensions which are likely to increase over the coming months.

As the tripartite negotiations stumble towards their 26 May deadline the attitude of almost half a million Gazans is of special significance: for the implementation of 'autonomy' in the Gaza Strip now seems to be the only way to break out of the deadlock that is crushing Camp David.

January's attempt to burn down the Red Crescent and attack the society's Chairman Dr Haidar Abdel Shafi marked an unprecedentedly violent peak in the continuing struggle for control of public institutions in Gaza, especially the city's Islamic University. The rivalry is similar to, but more bitter than, a parallel battle in the West Bank that over the past two years has pitted the left against the traditional leadership and dramatically polarised political life. Abdel Shafi, who spent three hot months in an Israeli detention camp in the heart of Sinai several years ago, and is still not allowed to leave town without military government permission, is a member of the National Guidance Committee, a forum of PLO supporters in the occupied territories set up to coordinate opposition to autonomy. Under his direction the Red Crescent has become the strongest institutional bastion of the Gazan Left, beyond its useful medical and welfare aid programmes.

THE PHYSICIAN's chief political rival, who still has very much the upper hand, is the 71-year-old Rashad Shawwa, the Israeli-appointed Mayor of Gaza City. A cautious, patrician figure who sits firmly on the axis created by the rapprochement between Jordan and the Al-Fatah dominated mainstream of the PLO, he has served for years as Jordan's honorary consul in the Strip (a lucrative post involving the issuing of passports to otherwise stateless persons) and today is on good terms both with King Hussein and Yasser Arafat.

Shawwa was one of very few Palestinian leaders to greet Sadat's initiative in the heady days of November 1977. But since then he has repeatedly stated that autonomy will simply not be enough unless it leads eventually to self-determination for his people. Even that relatively mild qualification has been heard with decreasing frequency in recent months, especially since last June when, *pour encourager les autres*, PLO opponents of the Camp David formula killed the Imam of Gaza, who had expressed open support for Sadat.

Other pro-Egyptians still form an identifiable strand in Gazan politics. Lonely, frightened men who pester the Egyptian embassy in Tel Aviv and haggle for contracts and concessions to boost their position as middlemen between Cairo and Jerusalem, they need far more from the Israelis than the Israelis are prepared to concede. Their profile is low, their chances slim, but they still form a sufficiently serious option to have attracted the military government and aroused the deep concern of other Palestinians both inside and outside the Strip.

Of the \$150 million allotted by the Arab rejectionist states to boost the 'steadfastness' of the occupied territories, one third has been earmarked for Gaza. In one recent case, the NEW STATESMAN has been reliably informed, the PLO made great efforts to persuade Iraq to buy the Strip's citrus fruit and thus decrease its dependence on Jordan. The PLO, which was forged as an independent force in Gaza's sprawling refugee camps in the early 1950s (almost 50 per cent of the population are still refugees), seems determined to fight hard to retain its influence.

The grenade attack that killed two Israeli civilians in Palestine Square recently was attributed to the PLO's concern that autonomy shall not pass. Abdel Shafi sees the not-so-hidden-hand of the Egyptians — and alleged Israeli collusion — in the assault on the Red Crescent, as intended to ensure that it will.

POLITICALLY quiescent and physically safe since General Arik Sharon stamped out the local Al-Fatah cells in the early Seventies, the Gaza Strip has been kept quiet by combining the assiduous cultivation of collaborators with a strong arm policy — short curfews and other collective punishments — that have rarely attracted media attention, the bane of the West Bank military government. On 26 February, when West Bankers stayed at home in a general protest strike against the exchange of ambassadors between Egypt and Israel, all that Gaza could manage was an hour long token closure, with Israeli soldiers judiciously noting the names of those who shut up shop. For many Gazans, like the Mukhtar of the Shati refugee camp who invited Egypt's man in Tel Aviv to visit his ramshackle home, what was elsewhere 'a black day for the Palestinians' meant the possibility of positive change, travel to and contact with Egypt, an end to the isolation of 13 years of occupation.

Sadat clearly understands these kinds of motive. Last week, before leaving for another round of talks with Carter in Washington (unfortunately, for a man with his sense of

showmanship, overshadowed by the Iranian crisis) he said unequivocally that he would be prepared to impose autonomy on Gaza, forcing, as it were, its people to be free. The idea is not as unattractive to the Israelis as it might initially sound. True, Jerusalem is deeply concerned that the great hope held out by Camp David — the eventual application of Israeli sovereignty to the West Bank and Gaza — might be replaced by Egyptian re-annexation of the Strip, a finger of territory pointing menacingly at its own heart. It was this fear that led, last year, to Israel's rejection of implementing autonomy in Gaza first, and of the accompanying demand for Egyptian liaison offices there.

But since then, as the autonomy talks have bogged down in procedural complexities about the drawing up of agenda to discuss further agenda, putting Gaza first has looked increasingly sensible. The Defence Ministry, under the mercurial Ezer Weizman, has been pushing hard, overruling the formalism of Begin and the Foreign Ministry and blurring the grey area between normalisation and autonomy. It was at Weizman's bidding for instance, that it was agreed recently that Gazans could visit Egypt without going through the complex visa procedures required by Israeli citizens.

THE GAZA-FIRST view, expressed in the field by the gradual transfer of civil administrative functions to local Arab officials, is that a working autonomy in Gaza will increase the polarisation between Cairo and the PLO, and perhaps even encourage West Bank leaders to consider whether it is worthwhile to persist in their absolute rejection of the self-rule scheme — in the knowledge that only Israel could gain from their isolation from their compatriots in an autonomous Strip under strong Egyptian influence.

But Israel has yet to demonstrate how far it is prepared to go to encourage separate autonomy in the Strip. Its most generous possible gesture — the removal of the local military government headquarters (only a stone's throw away, incidentally, from the Red Crescent offices) from the centre to the outskirts of Gaza City — has been laughed at even by the pro-Egyptians, and of course scorned by the rival political strands represented by Shawwa and Abdel Shafi.

Billed by the PLO as an integral part of a future independent Palestinian state, the Gaza Strip is still linked closely to Egypt, despite — and because of — its 19 years of misrule there until 1967. The Strip's ties with Israel, with 50 per cent of the workforce employed across the old green line, are no less significant, and sometimes seem far stronger than the bonds of verbal solidarity that form its often tenuous connection with the West Bank.

What was originally floated as a Gaza-first autonomy now has a sporting chance of becoming a Gaza-only autonomy. If the Camp David triumvirate decides — and it will have to decide soon — that this is indeed the only way to break the deadlock, then the howling mob that stormed the Red Crescent in January may yet reappear in the streets of Gaza, in different, but no less threatening forms.



Rashad Shawwa, 71-year-old, Israeli-appointed Mayor of Gaza City, is a key figure in current moves to give Gaza autonomy first.

London Diary

□ Do you remember Public Lending Right? Although it entered the statute books thirteen months ago, authors have not yet seen a penny from the loan of their books in the public libraries. Nor has the Department of Education and Science yet set up the machinery for registering eligible authors, computerising loan samples, or dealing out the money. And when they do there won't be any money to deal out.

In December last year the DES's Office of Arts and Libraries issued a consultative document holding out hope that PLR would come into effect during 1982-3 — and that administrative costs would swallow 30 per cent of the funds available. Did authors campaign for three decades in order to bankroll a new quango?

The writers' organisations think not. If Norman St John Stevas really cannot persuade Sir Geoffrey, etc. to increase the miserly £2 million originally promised, then administrative costs must be slashed well below the DES's absurd projection of £600,000. How? By excluding foreign authors (no country currently pays PLR to British writers); by reducing the number of libraries sampled from 72 to 36; by simplifying registration procedures; finally — the most radical suggestion — by entirely removing the administration of the scheme from the civil servants.

The writers' organisations are convinced that PLR can and should be run much more cheaply by the Authors' Lending and Copyright Society. The ALCS has advised the Office of Arts and Libraries that it could initially operate PLR for £90,000 or less, excluding computer investment and reimbursement to librarians. Doesn't the present Government believe in private enterprise?

□ As this edition is published on the day that Zimbabwe achieves not only its independence (Ian Smith was quite keen on that) but also genuine majority rule (less keen — never in my lifetime), it's a pleasure to congratulate Smith's old foe, Garfield Todd, on his nomination to the Senate. Little more than two months have elapsed since he was thrown into prison and stripped of his clothes under the Law and Order Maintenance Act. The other day, the white Special Branch officer responsible for his arrest approached Todd in Shabani with noticeable affability. 'We're not sure whether we're socially respectable any longer,' he said. Todd wished him good morning.

□ With next weekend's press coverage of Zimbabwe's Day One inevitably focussing on Prince Charles joking with Harare's squatters, and Soames beaming proudly as he at long last 'gaps it', this paper must reveal that among those attending the celebrations will be the world's most skilful political operator. A shadowy figure, hitherto cloaked in self-inflicted obscurity, he enjoys direct access not only to Robert Mugabe but to virtually every progressive politician in Africa, South America and anywhere you can think of. In short the Church has struck again.

For years Tim Sheehy of the Catholic Institute for International Relations tormented the Salisbury regime. He despatched leading

British politicians round the world and wrote their scripts. He masterminded an interim report on the Soames administration which so upset the Brits that they had him shadowed for two weeks in Salisbury (they admitted it). Journalists depended on him for hot-line news of Combined Operations's latest dirty trick — he could even arrange to fly you from one remote mission station to another in a crazy plane piloted by a priest.

When Mugabe swept to outright victory, frustrating Government House's plan to bring Britain worldwide opprobrium, the Foreign Office people in Salisbury were suddenly Tim's very good friends, dropping a word in his ear about whom it would be nice to have as Mugabe's first High Commissioner in London. Sheehy reacted to the election result with mock weariness: 'It really seems as if all our efforts were superfluous.'

□ My own gloom about the fate of the Moscow Olympics is, as they say, multifaceted. The hint has been dropped in highly placed athletics circles that my prospects of making the squad were badly spoiled by a silly incident last summer when, rounding the tight bend of my old school track, which I had navigated with some flair twenty-five years ago, I lost balance, fell heavily, rolled into a rhododendron bush and, unforgiveably, failed to pass the baton. Well, even Sebastian Coe can't win every time — or perhaps he can.

To top it, the ridiculous behaviour of the Russians, Carter, the Ayatollah and stubborn Afghan tribesmen has completely ruined the deeply subtle plot of a novel I wrote a year ago. If your sympathy is still withheld, tell me what I should do about three package tours plus Olympic tickets I purchased before the Russians, Carter and the Ayatollah began to write their own novel. Christopher Hitchens refuses to buy them, he's lined up with jolly decent Lucinda Prior-Palmer, daughter of the major-general.

One interesting feature of the Olympic tours offered by the Russians (individual pilgrimages are not allowed) is that not one of them permits a visit to Moscow alone. Yet it is my understanding that the IOC awarded the Games to the city of Moscow, not the USSR. Were foreign enthusiasts compelled to call in at Vancouver or Quebec to reach Montreal? Prices range from £370 for a nine-day trip to Leningrad and Moscow to about £650 for a grand tour including Moscow, Baku, Tbilisi and Erevan. Then you pay for your tickets.

And I did. I am therefore forced to conclude that we make too much fuss about the so-called 'suppression' of 'dissidents' (anti-social elements) and the 'invasion' of 'independent' countries (secret imperialist enclaves) by the forces of peaceful co-existence. Ms de Meaner, our Comp. Commandant, will send seven quid for the most eloquent letter of protest. But letters signed 'Lucinda Prior-Palmer' will be treated as inside jobs.

□ Safaris are more fun in the sunshine and I was glad to have the heat on my head last Sunday morning as I began my weekly search for complete copies of the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. On an average safari you pick up Business and Sport plus the Weekly Review in King Street; the Review, a front section and Living in outer Chiswick; a Magazine in South Kensington, and so on. Forget about the cover prices and set aside a pound plus petrol.

Catching up with the *Observer* front brought on the depression that writers feel when 3,000-word commissioned articles are re-ordered at 1,400, then printed at 1,050. Of course, sub-editors do not make their cuts in tranquillity — the final page has to be made up and trimmed to fit against a deadline. Yet a consultative call to the writer, if he is available, can marvellously assuage his grief.

I certainly wouldn't claim that the NS has a spotless record in this respect. I admit, too, that since looking after the back pages I have come to regard the inviolable integrity of the text with diminished enthusiasm. Foul syntax and erratic grammar throughout a piece banish many illusions. Even so, it is my experience that writers, if only consulted and shown consideration, are normally helpful in agreeing to changes or offering alternatives of their own. They may even want to write for you again.

□ I have been lucky enough to witness two highly erotic scenes within a week. Both occurred on the screen. In Nicholas Roeg's film, *Bad Timing*, a university lecturer about my age ravishes a young and lovely woman who is close to death from an overdose. In Anthony Thomas's controversial television 'documentary', *Death of a Princess*, veiled Saudi princesses drive through the desert in Cadillacs, marking down for bed strange men of about my age. Both episodes smelled strongly of necrophilia, the one literal, the other social and metaphorical. Either way, I like it. Those who disagree should write to Ms de Meaner.

David Caute

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ Ian Gilmour's upbringing was conventional enough: Eton, the Foot Guards, Balliol, the Inner Temple. At 27, a restless young man, a not particularly successful barrister, known in society for being rich, charming and married to the beautiful daughter of a Duke, he might have done a variety of things. What he did was to buy a weekly paper. — *Spectator* (J. W. Bilton)

□ It was stated that Mr Chan was given exploding cigarettes by workmates, his gold lighter went missing and he was threatened and called a 'yellow bastard' on the factory night shift. The tribunal ruled that Mr Chan, of Ingleborough Drive, Ryton, now a waiter, had not been racially discriminated against. — *Daily Telegraph* (P. M. G. Shiel)

□ Social Security scroungers should be made to give a pint of blood every six months, Tory MP Michael Brotherton suggested yesterday. — *Sun* (J. R. Soames)

□ The assistant manager for Selfridges, Mr Jon Riley, said security staff and police sometimes were called to clear youths from their restaurants. 'It is not solely punks. Some foreign students sit around discussing the state of the nation — or the state of Iran — and taking up a lot of room.' — *Oxford Star* (Martin Daniel)

□ The highlights in our programme have been in particular a visit to the House of Commons, a visit to Hall's Farm, and talks given by David Watts, Assistant Foreign Editor of *The Times*, Captain J. Edwards, the famous reptile expert, and Edward Duller, the Editor of the *Harrow Observer* and finally a memorable visit by two members of the 'Prostitution Laws are Nonsense' Campaign. — Young Conservatives' *Annual report*, Harrow West Conservative Association (Tony Manwaring)

Death of a princess

From Penelope Mortimer

Even taking into account the touchiness of the Saudis and the eagerness of British politicians not to offend them, the upset over Anthony Thomas's *Death of a Princess* seems wildly exaggerated. Everything about this storm in a hookah is suspect. The Saudis must have known what Thomas was up to, in spite of his cloak-and-dagger precautions. He had approached Algeria, Libya, Iraq and Tunisia with the story, and been turned down on the grounds that it would offend Saudi Arabia. Even if Saudi Intelligence had overlooked this — most unlikely — the film was shown to Saudi authorities in London two weeks before it was shown on television. Why, then, didn't the news of Khaled's £5,000,000 bid for the film, and possible oil embargoes break until last Thursday, when it could be read along with the notices? Odd.

Odd, too, that the story of Princess Misha'al's execution was published in full in the *Observer* of 22 January 1978, complete with every detail that Thomas's alter-ego 'discovers', with such difficulty, in the film. David Owen apologised to the Saudi Royal Family then, which makes a nonsense of Carrington's personal regrets now. It's hard to see why the film of such a story that has been public property for over two years should cause such a fuss, unless it's a deliberate distortion of the truth. The Saudis haven't made this allegation.

I was involved with the project for almost a year, and present at most of the interviews. I accompanied Thomas on his ten-day trip to Saudi Arabia, and was with him in Beirut in September 1978. With the exception of Barry Milner, who had already sold his story to the *Daily Express*, Rosemary Buschow, and the Palestinian family in Beirut, every interview and every character in the film is fabricated. The 'revelation' of the domestic lives of the Saudi princesses — man-hunting in the desert, rendezvous in boutiques — was taken entirely on the evidence of an expatriate divorcee, as was the story of the princess first seeing her lover on Saudi television. No real effort was made to check up on such information. Rumour and opinion somehow came to be presented as fact.

Thomas says that this is 'the most honest film' he's ever made (presumably including, with the rest, the much-awarded *South African Experience*) and fabrication isn't necessarily dishonest; it simply means that the audience, foolishly believing it to be authentic, is conned. The term 'documentary drama' covers a multitude of such subtle distinctions. The Saudis can hardly be expected to appreciate them. Still, it's going a bit far to threaten political reprisals because of a highly romanticised account of one of their family scandals. Thailand, after all, has been putting up with *The King and I* for years.

The Old Post Office, Chastleton, Moreton in Marsh, Glos.

Which Cyprus?

From Mustafa Adiloglu

'Cyprus Diary' by Christopher Hitchens (NS 11 April) should read 'A Greek Diary from Cyprus'. What puzzles me is neither the ingenious style with which he conceals a number of vital historical events (surely he must know full-well that the Greek Cypriot movement led by the fascist EOKA in the Fifties, and all others before that, were never independence movements but struggles for Enosis — Union with Greece) nor his over-flippant attitude towards the Turkish Cypriot existence in the island, but his total disregard for the most basic human rights (very uncharacteristic of him) of Turkish Cypriots.

He calls Cyprus 'Christian Cyprus' when the mosques (less 107 destroyed by Greek Cypriots during the 1963-74 period) and the churches should remind him of the bi-religious, bi-national character of the Island. When he talks of Callaghan and Wilson allowing the Island to be partitioned between Greek

fascists and Turkish invaders, he should have given the reasons for the Turkish intervention and the subsequent developments. The fact is that when Turkey asked Britain to undertake a joint action as guarantor powers in 1974 (in order to contain the carnage which the fascist coupists had begun, and to rescue the bi-national independence of Cyprus and thus prevent the union of the island with Greece over the bodies of 150,000 Turkish Cypriots), Britain simply refused to do so, as she had refused to force Archbishop Makarios to re-establish the bi-national state of Cyprus between 1963 and 1974.

In a 'Christian Cyprus' a call for the establishment of an Islamic 'North Kibris' may look awry or impossible. But in a bi-national state of partnership between Muslim Turkish Cypriots and Greek Orthodox Greek Cypriots the establishment of a fully Islamic 'North Kibris' is no longer a dream. In fact such a state exists today as a direct result of Greek Cypriots' armed attempts to make Cyprus a totally Christian land. The important question now is whether the two sides genuinely want to live side by side or as two separate states. The Secretary-General's disclosures over his latest attempts to bring the two sides to the conference table should leave no room for doubt in anyone's mind that for reasons better known to themselves the Greek Cypriot leaders prefer the continuation of the propaganda war between the two sides to direct talks. By accepting the Secretary-General's latest proposals without any reservations or conditions the Turkish side has proved its sincere desire of co-existence side-by-side. Office of the London Representative of the Turkish Federated State of Cyprus, 28 Cockspur Street, London SW1

Out of joint

From Kenneth Brown

Don Aitken (NS 14 March) is right to point out that the legalisation of cannabis in North America need not disadvantage peasant farmers in Third World countries, but his reasons are wrong. Hemp is mainly grown in South America, Africa and non-communist Asia, not because of the climate but because of the low population densities and because it's easy to get away with it. Hemp has been grown in Europe for millennia. It was cultivated until its fibre-producing role was taken by cheap jute from exploited peasants in India. It was used as a drug in what is now the Ukraine in the 5th century BC (Herodotus mentions it twice). In this century it has been produced commercially (and legally) in France.

Many botanists once held that the 'Indian hemp' (cannabis indica) was a separate species from the, less potent, common hemp (cannabis sativa). It is now commonly acknowledged that they are the same plant, and it has been proved that high drug-yielding crops can be grown in Britain and the US West Coast. With its grossly inflated traditional price and the plant's extremely good response to fertiliser, it's an obvious target for industrial farming in the well-known agribusiness style. The danger of legalisation is not so much exploitation in Colombia as exploitation in the US. I'm sure that cotton, tobacco and grapes have taught the farm-workers of America that injustice doesn't exist only south of the border.

PO Box 167, Karatina, Kenya

The dead of Dresden

From Philip Braithwaite

In your paperback selection (NS 4 April) you refer to David Irving's *The Destruction of Dresden* and to 'the raid in which 135,000 people died'. If this is the figure being claimed in the new *Futura* paperback edition of Irving's 1963 book then I'm rather puzzled. According to a letter in the *Radio Times* of 31 March 1973 from E. B. Haslam (Group Capt RAF ret'd), Irving had retracted this figure in a letter to *The Times* in July 1966. In that letter (says Haslam) Irving had stated that new evidence from East German police sources had convinced him that casualties were about 25,000 killed and 35,000 miss-

ing. I have no 'interest' either in exaggerating this figure (as neo-Nazis might do) or in minimising it (as those responsible might do), but only wish to discover a reliable figure for those killed in that lunatic raid of 13 February 1945 — that 'senseless bombing', as Shostokovitch put it, 'because it was done when it was perfectly obvious who was going to win the war'.

87 Station Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham 14

Jesus's birthday

From Nicolas Walter

'Jesus was born in the year nought,' says David Caute (NS 4 April). The position is much more complex than that. There was no year nought. In Christian chronology, 1 BC is followed by AD 1, the year in which early Christian historians calculated that Jesus had been born, and from which the Christian era was counted by Dionysius Exiguus in the fifth century. However, long after this era had become established, later historians discovered that the two events said in two of the Gospels to coincide with the birth of Jesus couldn't have done so — Herod the Great, ruler of the client kingdom of Judaea, had died in 4 BC; and Quirinius (Cyrenius), governor of Syria, didn't hold the first census of the new Roman province of Judaea until AD 6. So Jesus wasn't born in the year nought, or even in the year one, and no one can say when he was born, if he lived at all.

Rationalist Press Association, 88 Islington High Street, London N1

Biassed masters

From Rebecca O'Rourke

At the risk of some bright spark suggesting that I would like to see two series of books entitled respectively 'Past' and 'Modern' Mistresses, I should like to comment on the inherent sexism of Fontana *Modern Masters* and the recently launched *Past Masters* from Oxford. The titles alone warn that nobody at Fontana or the Oxford University Press thought to wonder whether the annexing of all past and current intellectual achievement to the male is an accurate representation. Flicking through the projected and published lists of titles one is, to put it mildly, surprised at the absence of even that second order of sexism: woman as honorary man. I find it difficult to believe that Frank Kermode and Keith Thomas have never heard of such intellectually capable and influential women as Margaret Mead, Rosa Luxemburg, Simone de Beauvoir, Mary Wollstonecraft, Vera Klein, Karen Horney, George Eliot or Virginia Woolf.

27 Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham B13 9EH

Correction

From Mary Holland

Due to my incompetence with the telex machine some numerical errors got into my article on the Ulster Defence Regiment in last week's NS. Even when the Regiment was founded ten years ago Catholics never formed more than 18% of its membership, not 28% as appeared. The other figures relate to murders with which members or ex-members of the UDR were associated. In the Miami Showband killing three of those killed were members of the Irish pop group, the other two belonged to the murder gang and died when their bomb exploded prematurely. The Shankill Butchers were convicted of killing six Catholics not eight.

Information wanted

P. G. Wodehouse: a) the whereabouts of the original of the Low cartoon of Wodehouse used in NEW STATESMAN series in the Thirties; b) the whereabouts of originals of illustrations by Gilbert Wilkinson of P. G. Wodehouse short stories in the *Strand* magazine between the wars.

Richard Usborne, Fenton House, Windmill Hill, London NW3

Better late

Our younger readers, accustomed as they are to the radio as we know it today with its free-and-easy talk, its few-holds-barred conversations and its popular male chatterboxes bubbling merrily away, will be amazed to learn of the anxious reverence in which the wireless, as we then called it, was held until well after the end of the war. In those early days, almost every word spoken was known beforehand, was 'scripted' and had been passed by authority. Off-the-cuff political discussions were unheard of. Talks, pruned of anything that could possibly be called 'offensive material', droned fairly lifelessly on. There were, with the exception of gramophone records, no recordings. If a programme was to be repeated, those involved just went back and repeated it. The fact that everything was 'live' kept everybody at Broadcasting House worried and on their toes, a state in no way improved by the famous and tipsy 'The fleet's all lit up' episode, the perpetrator of which had to be forgiven by the starchy BBC in the face of public opinion ('They're human after all') and the enormous pleasure that the event had given to one and all.

Live broadcasting has in its time brought with it a further handsome crop of unfortunate occurrences, some of them in the form of Spoonerisms. Words uttered and floated out onto the air waves cannot be called back and the excellent Brian Johnston has reminded us of what happened once when he attempted in a cricketing commentary to say that somebody was sitting on a shooting-stick. A Children's Hour play about Robin Hood contained, naturally, references to jolly old Friar Tuck and an actor, required to refer to this character by name, just managed to stop himself when half way through a Spoonerised version of Friar Tuck. And your columnist was once able to turn a Christmas reference to 'empty stockings hung up' into 'empty hockings stung up', which somehow gives an unpleasant picture of unattractive hunks of meat being attacked by wasps. Royal occasions too have provided some jolly happenings—Princess Margaret being described as wearing 'an off the hat face', and a commentator, stumped for words while waiting for the coronation procession to arrive, saying desperately '... and far away in the distance I can just see Bourne and Hollingsworth standing proudly there.'

Every so often there comes to most of us, as we plod along and uncomplainingly work Life's Treadmill, a piece of news of a surprising nature and hitherto undivulged to one, and the information, garnered from an important Sunday newspaper, that Virginia Woolf bought her hats at Bourne and Hollingsworth, brought a fitful gleam of sunshine into at least one life. Indeed, it is not too much to say that this little fact has made my week. I had somehow felt, as far as I had been able to devote any time at all to consideration of the subject, that she wove her hats and other garments herself on a basement handloom in the bowels (excuse me) of the Hogarth Press and despised anybody else who didn't. But how wrong I was and I now have a delightful mental picture of her venturing forth, her

mind awhirl with exciting sartorial plans, from those Bloomsbury quarters to the Eastern section of Oxford Street (no great distance but perhaps she bussed it and in a number 25, that rather classy vehicle that eventually takes in, or did, Bond Street and the Ritz). Then, on arrival, up in the B & H lift to the right floor, a lengthy viewing and trying on of this or that *chapeau de style* (not too easy to find something to suit that longish, saddish dial), and then, a spent force, comforting herself afterwards with a raspberry sundae at an adjacent Lyons, 17/6 lighter in cash maybe but immeasurably richer in spirit. Did she perhaps fly to the Ladies and, unable to resist the temptation, pop on the new hat there and then? Possibly. I wouldn't go so far as to say that all this has made me actually like the *idea* of Virginia Woolf, but it makes her seem a bit more like you and me, don't you know, for, if I were the right sex for it and ever bought hats, it is naturally to Bourne and Hollingsworth that I too would hasten.

The ordinary and comfortable middle-class Berkshire circles in which I was brought up contained no intellectual ladies of any sort. Nobody narrowed their eyes at one and talked about Proust. Tea-table chat did not include a mention of the Russian Ballet designs of Bakst. Modern composers, if spoken of at all, were referred to as 'freaks', an opinion with which, in some cases, I am still inclined to agree. There was, it is true, a rather forbidding lady whom one met going in and out of tobacconists (perhaps she smoked a pipe) who wore gentlemen's hats with a feather in them

Roger Woddis Exercise

Nato air forces launched a mock air attack on Britain this week.

It's good to know
We're taking no chances,
And girding our things
For a practice wham:
All systems 'Go',
And that includes France's —
The load in their wings
Is for English lamb.

If you-know-who
Sends over one fighter,
He'll have his arse tanned
When he makes his bid,
Though *entre nous*
Any foreign blighter
Who covets our land
Must have flipped his lid.

The last known dove
Who tried for a landing
Is a spot of grease
On the road to hell.
What passeth love
And all understanding
Is the deep, deep peace
Of a padded cell.

and sported a collar and tie and a well cut jacket. She certainly looked intellectual and indeed narrowed her eyes quite a bit but may have just been, and why not, something else. It was not until I got to Cambridge that a whole bunch or, to coin a word, 'an intensity' of intellectual women hove into view, and extremely jolly and stimulating two of them were. The only lectures that I never dreamt of missing were those dispensed by two women - Miss Pernel Strachey, a charmer who had inherited that family's failure to be boring and who spoke on the frog Constant and others, and Professor Elsie Butler, an entrancing pint-size bundle of wit and erudition and who early won my heart by referring to Goethe as 'poor old Goethe', an opinion that I had long shared. And when she added on the words 'poor old Schiller', I was at her feet for evermore. She became, luckily for me, a friend and when, later on, I reminded her of 'poor old' this and that, she shrieked with happy laughter and denied ever having said any such thing. But she had.

Cambridge undergraduates in my day had a further wonderful advantage, the presence in the town of half a dozen or so married ladies, wives or widows of dons and so forth, who kept open house, involved themselves in university activities such as acting, were endlessly hospitable and kind, took an interest in what one was up to and were, though nobody in those unsophisticated days thought of them as such, a kind of mother substitute for those of us who had developed rather more slowly than others. There were, I am happy to say, three in my life - Mrs S, Mrs P and Mrs G - and I can only hope that at the time one displayed (the young take so much for granted) as much gratitude to them as I now feel. They lent one books, provided coffee and cake, gave parties, remembered birthdays, mended clothes, listened sympathetically to one's troubles, produced agreeable girls for the more romantically minded and, if one were keen on dancing, were ever ready, for it was the usual thing to do, to roll back the Axminster and put on the portable. The husbands in these cases were vague background presences who, though perfectly polite and pleasant and well disposed to all this lavish hospitality, managed to keep out of the way and to find occupations of their own.

Every so often, one's own hospitable instincts, entirely dormant in childhood and fairly so in youth, awoke at last and one gave either a lunch party (whitebait, cutlets and *crème brûlée*) or a tea-party (tomato sandwiches and Fuller's cake). As ladies were to be present, flowers seemed to be an essential part of the affair and I had no idea at all how best to manage with flowers, apart from buying them and then sticking them in a vase. I can remember to this day the sight of a vase of giant size delphiniums dominating the table, rendering visibility difficult (dear Mrs P, small in size, was at a great disadvantage) and shedding their petals into the butter. Lupins too presented a problem and were inclined to disintegrate before one's eyes. I dare say the fact that they had travelled from the flower shop to my rooms in my bicycle basket had discouraged them and they were making their floral protest. Did the ladies seem to notice one's various gaucheries? Not a bit. They chattered, bless them, blithely on and I send them, across the years, great waves of gratitude.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Morris Fraser

Down with Donald Duck

From the 'second wave' of feminism it was to be hoped that ripples of comprehension would travel outwards to stir the uncommitted, the uncomprehending, and even the downright hostile. At some stage the internal 'consciousness-raising' has to stop, or at least become something other than mere self-absorption. Otherwise feminists will be well on their way to reconstructing the same barriers and deepening the same old and weary incomprehensions they pretend to have destroyed.

A prism exists to provide complementary lights, but on what? Sherman's contributors begin alike from the premise that history was written about men for men, but a hefty collection of papers written by and for American women college graduates is only a poor advance. Essentially it is a compilation of views on women's contribution to the recording of history and to literature; traditional history, it is argued, has been dominated by the male, and so has developed areas of enquiry and notions of significance that could not capture women's past. Thus has been created a rupture between the perceived and the expressed worlds, and the myth of male supremacy has been nurtured and perpetuated. The writing is often cool, ordered and persuasive; here and there are brilliant shafts of light. The non-sexist historian, writes Dorothy E. Smith, is no longer an abstract knower perched outside the globe on an Archimedean point without size or identity, but there has taken place a 'Copernican shift' where objects are now seen as from a moving position; the knower has identity, has location; the viewpoint is located in an individual and understood as such. History written by one kind of person — a man, a white — is only one kind of history, a mere sliver of monochrome that by itself only begins to make up the clear light of historical truth.

But *The Prism of Sex* does transmit, even if faintly, some of the doubts and inconsistencies that run through present-day feminist writing. A group stereotype is always the object of bitter complaint, but some groups ask, almost beg, to be awarded one. Can prolonged 'consciousness-raising' on the inside escape stereotyping from the outside? Can a group of people be wildly conformist and then complain of being *perceived* as a group, somewhat similar and predictable. Sherman's authors

The Prism of Sex edited by Julia A. Sherman & Evelyn Torton Beck *Wisconsin* £11

The Lesbian Community by DEBORAH GOLEMAN *Wolf California* £6.95

The Double Standard by MARGRIT EICHLER *Croom Helm* £8.50 & £3.95

Racism & Sexism in Children's Books edited by Judith Stinton *Writers' & Readers'* £4.95 & £2.95

White Hero Black Beast by PAUL HOCH *Pluto* £8.95 & £3.95

On Men and Manhood by LEONARD KRIEGL *Hawthorn Books* \$10.95

nearly all need to give themselves triple names and to write in the same self-indulgently obscure style, using the same words and phrases. Perhaps it's easy to work out that 'explicating the sociological problematic' is about explaining a social problem, but so many words seem chosen purely for their length and sonority that reading and translating becomes a wearisome task indeed. More barriers — though perhaps unintentional. But the book also shares with many others a failure to distinguish between 'feminism' and 'anti-sexism' — by no means always the same thing, and sometimes true opposites.

In Wolf's lesbian community this is certainly the case; the reality of a 'safe place' for women in which the suffix '-son' after a name

been presented in more detail. But she is correct in that, as far as has been discovered up till now, children of gay parents grow up to be as 'normally' adjusted as any; this underscores my own certainty that the reality of love transcends the nature of its source, that psychological 'wholeness' is a product of the self-esteem gathered from consistent affection, rather than an expression of the gender of any adult 'model'.

'A business man is aggressive; a business woman is pushy.

'A business man is good on details; she's picky

...

'He follows through; she doesn't know when to quit.

'He stands firm; she's hard ...'

For Margrit Eichler the double standard, neatly captured in a wall-verse she discovered, exists where behaviour acceptable in one sex is deplored in the other, and is almost always a prime indicator of sexism — that is, a situation where behaviours are expected that extend beyond the biological necessities, such as impregnation, pregnancy, lactation. And of course — though theories like Erikson's hole-in-the-head conception of feminine 'inner space' belong to another time — the old stereotypes, social rules and injunctions still



is changed to 'daughter', and from which men are encouraged to retreat at some speed by the approach of community residents in threes, is as sexist as any. To do her justice, the author acknowledges this. Feminists, she says, are thus at risk of transgressing the very laws they have campaigned for. The book is concerned with little more than a single neighbourhood, but the messages that apply outside San Francisco's fishbowl community are still worth the slight effort of extraction. It is certainly evident that the lesbian community has moved forward from the old 'butch' and 'femme' division that maintained the hated stereotypes, but because of its anti-male bias it has only just begun to make common cause with male homosexuals, and reluctantly. The word 'gay', disliked as it is by some people, does strongly symbolise this kinship, and it would be used more in a book that, unlike Ms Wolf's, was truly non-sexist.

Ms Wolf has added, nevertheless, a worthwhile and intriguing little chapter on lesbian mothers; this section could well have been longer, and could only have gained had the 'data' and 'evidence' referred to in brief asides

survive, and a great deal of mental illness, or at any rate sheer misery, still results from failure to live up to an imagined gender ideal. And it is quite wrong that an individual should be estranged from huge areas of his personality by prohibitions having to do with gender expectations and roles. But nevertheless, outside of the basic biological requirements, are there still such things as genetically-determined preferences? Do girls play with dolls, and do boys wrestle, tumble and play football because it's written into their chromosomes or because they were taught to?

Nobody knows for certain. Many writers pretend to, as does Professor John Money of Baltimore, and as does Eichler, but there simply isn't the evidence, and theorists who insist that gender roles are *purely* the result of early learning and manipulation have some awkward questions still to answer. Role and play preferences remain utterly consistent all the way up the animal kingdom — perhaps still the result of male domination, but if Darwinian principles mean anything, there must be other explanations. Then what about the extraordinary case of the boy castrated by ac-

cident at birth, and subsequently brought up as a girl? The child has been paraded as a triumph for the 'social learning' school; books have been written about him. Now at fourteen, even without the means of producing testosterone, he has turned out to be embarrassingly 'male' in his interests and appearance, and noticed to exhibit marked boys' preferences even by people who have no knowledge of his medical background. Germaine Greer is correct in that 'the sex of a person is attested by every cell in his body'. The Y chromosome exists in more places than one; perhaps there is also such a thing as neurosis caused by denying preferences that are in-built, and perhaps there comes a time when the counter-conditioning, too, has to stop. But we still don't know; the true mischief is to handle and direct children as if we did.

So Judith Stinton and her fellow-librarians can write only from inner conviction; here are the usual complaints and excitements about girls in children's books shown playing with dolls, boys with toy cars and so on — though in the drawing principally complained of (from the Keywords Reading Scheme) the girl, though beaming soppily on her doll, has also loosely attached a most fearsome and hairy Labrador — so perhaps the illustrators are not so naive as their analysts. The essays range widely, and vigorous exception is also taken to, among others, the Mister Men and Donald Duck on the grounds of 'anti-intellectualism'.

It is a great pity that moves to make black and brown children feel equal and accepted members of the community have to go in tandem with this kind of nonsense, since such attempts are in principle always praiseworthy and one finds fault only with reluctance. But I find this collection of essays, with all their italicised humourlessness, their talk of book-banning, and their handy lists of How To Look for Racism and Sexism in Children's Books, patronising in the extreme both to the general reader and the non-white. As a Scotsman I should feel dreadfully humiliated if made into a 'protected species' where children's books were concerned (though I'm not sure that the day won't come) and I can't believe that other races would feel differently. It is a pity, too, that the authors have to introduce their book with the fatuous non-information that 'we are now living in a multi-racial society'. We always were — at least ever since all those Italians came over in 33 BC and America was gradually swamped with whites from the 15th century onwards. Perhaps there were differences, and the authors' intention is surely good; it is simply that their cause is not helped by the neo-Whitehouse self-righteousness and the confusion over just where they think they are going. If racial differences, sexual difference and conflict are eliminated from children's books, just what is there left to write about?

Does sexism matter? If it exists, are there consequences outside of the mere transaction between male and female?

'Unless we somehow reconcile the masculine emphasis on domination with the demands of nature, we will at best degenerate into a cancer and birth-defect ridden species unable to exist within nature,' writes Paul Hoch. Sexism is, he says, the model for every other sort of -ism; the split between the masculine and feminine principles is not simply replicated in all other social divisions and inequalities; it causes them. Subjugation of the feminine principle in both men and women

has been the origin of every other form of oppression — of blacks, homosexuals, children. This has long been a central precept of radical feminism; Hoch examines the primary split further, finding its beginnings in the upbringing of every Western child, and his assumption of a gender identity as his only permitted self; for him to fail in his sex role is to fail to be true to his own nature and, again, neurosis may result. But more usually, Hoch writes, the denial of elements in oneself is maintained by projection of these 'undesirable elements' on to vulnerable groups in society; thus the distancing of man's 'lower self' has long been a potent allegory for the split between civilisation and barbarism, for colonialism and oppression. And man has thus been drawn off on a hunt for the Beast — usually simian, misshapen, rampantly sexual and always non-Aryan.

Hoch is able to show convincingly how the metamorphosis to Beast has been imposed on just about every out-caste group in history; he does appear well on the way to setting out a persuasive and workable hypothesis, but in the end he loses his readers and himself in a thicket of Freudian-type speculation about phallic symbols and the like, one which leads nowhere in particular. Along the way many opportunities are missed. For example, Hoch fails to perceive that archotyping can be more than mere picture-making; a dominant culture can push the malign process much further in that an out-group can be trapped into a position in which it can behave *only* in ways consistent with the stereotype. So the out-group members are not only said to be idle, dirty and aggressive, but actually become so, because of being deprived and excluded. We make people the way they are and then we complain about them; perhaps we even do it *in order that* we can complain about them. Thus the issue is even more hideously complex than Hoch imagines it; Frankenstein has to recognise his own creation, his own child.

If a just society, then, can grow only from reconciliation of the two contending elements in man himself, does the notion of 'manhood' still have any meaning? Leonard Kriegel, crippled by polio when aged eleven, begins his scrutiny of maleness by recalling a brief but intensely poignant incident on a Dutch seashore; caught up in the euphoria of sun, sea, wind, and the presence of his small son, he caught the boy's hand, tried to run and of course fell heavily, pulling down and terrifying the boy. For Kriegel this becomes an analogy of the failure and final collapse of the frontiersman principle — that a man is what he does, that his worth is measured by his competitive performance, occupationally and sexually, and that he has no identity outside of this. This performance ethic has failed to sustain American man in the post-Vietnam (and Watergate) era and he too has fallen heavily, pulling down his sons.

What ground can American man now occupy, asks Kriegel, in the face of affronts offered by feminists, blacks, coming-out gays and all other groups who no longer know their place, who are no longer willing to occupy the old subordinate positions? What are we to tell our sons? How can a boy 'be a man'? Kriegel is uncertain, and perhaps should be. Perhaps that tiniest of minorities consisting of white 'biologically male persons' should also experience, sometimes, the cold reality of being just that — a minority — and learn at first hand about all that goes along with it.

Queen Anne

EDWARD GREGG

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Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

Elsa Ferri

Active & Passive

Right from the Start by SELMA GREENBERG
Gollancz £5.50

Only the wilfully oblivious can have failed to be aware of the impact made by the women's movement in the United States and Western Europe over the past decade. But in case anyone should be thinking that the issues involved have now been fully aired and examined and that all that remains is a small matter of engineering change in legislation and attitudes, here is a book which shows just how carefully and insistently sex-typed behaviour is instilled in us from the moment of birth.

Sub-titled 'A guide to non-sexist child raising' the book sets out to challenge some of the basic assumptions upon which our approach to child-rearing is based. The first of these is that there exists a whole range of behaviour which is 'appropriate' for a boy or for a girl and which is to be discouraged in what, with little respect for semantics, is commonly referred to as the 'opposite' sex. Not only is the appropriateness of such sex-typed behaviour questioned, but also the complacent acceptance that its emergence represents inherent and immutable differences between the sexes.

Following the declaration that 'it's a girl' or 'it's a boy', a whole series of sex-appropriate expectations and responses are adopted by adults which effectively bar a child from numerous experiences and opportunities reserved for the other sex. The reader is challenged to try and buy a gift for a new-born infant without mentioning its sex! Different toys and play 'curricula', even variations in language used to and about boys and girls, all combine to ensure that they arrive at school differently prepared for the intellectual and behavioural demands which will be made upon them.

According to Ms Greenberg the school accepts these differences and then goes on to reinforce them. Boys are encouraged to 'move out' of the classroom confines, to use more space and undertake more gross motor activity. By contrast, the behaviour expected of and considered 'normal' for girls results in their comparative docility and passivity. Passivity among girls is, significantly, rarely regarded as a *problem* by the teacher and is less likely to demand a response of any kind than is the more boisterous behaviour of boys.

This whole child-rearing process, from birth onwards, is effectively geared to preparation for the adoption of sex-typed adult roles. This leads to Ms Greenberg's second line of attack, where we find ourselves on more familiar feminist ground, namely, our society's almost invariable perception of female behaviour as *inferior*. Hence, while a *sexist upbringing* is seen as limiting for boys, it is far more damaging in its effects upon girls.

The traditional home-bound role of women is seen as characterised by a trivialisation of what they do there. One of its most serious aspects is the ubiquitous but patently absurd view that housekeeping and child-rearing are somehow part and parcel of the same role. As Ms Greenberg points out, no one who was paid to do either of these jobs would dream of carrying out the other at the same time. The importance of child-rearing is thus undermined by its association with housekeeping and by the low status, low authority role which we assign to mothers.

One thing which is missing from this otherwise fascinating and persuasive book is a consideration of ways in which occupational and other non-child-rearing roles can be shared out in the egalitarian family structure which is advocated. The author perhaps justifiably felt that this would raise issues beyond the immediate scope of the book, yet it would have been interesting to know her views on how parents in such families behave as people as well as mothers and fathers.

In her advice to parents seeking to adopt a non-sexist approach to bringing up children, Ms Greenberg advocates a 'zero-based'

strategy - in which all the assumptions and behaviour of the past are continually up for review. This is not likely to be a comfortable process, but this book is hardly intended to soothe. Those who point out, whether complacently or grudgingly, the few small steps for womankind achieved in recent years should find Ms Greenberg's work a sobering reminder of just how long the road to equality really is.

David Sweetman

Children of the Lion

Stubborn Hope by DENNIS BRUTUS *Heinemann*
95p

Africa my Beginning by INGOAPELE
MADINGOANE *Rex Collings* £1.75

Zulu Poems by MAZISI KUNENE *Deutsch* £1.50

Emperor Shaka the Great by MAZISI KUNENE
Heinemann £1.90

The Blues is You in Me by SIPHO SEPAMLA
Wildwood House £1.75

The Soweto I Love by SIPHO SEPAMLA *Rex
Collings* £1.50

Black South Africa is witnessing a widespread enthusiasm for poetry as a vehicle of protest and self-expression. Until recently the major black poets were isolated figures, often banned or exiled, who spent as much if not more time on direct political activity as they did on writing poetry. Indeed, the first generation of black poets has perhaps been more lionised abroad than among the people of South Africa to whom their work was directed.

Typical of this generation is the man most responsible for South Africa's ostracism from world sporting events is the Coloured poet Dennis Brutus. Although he was born in Rhodesia, Brutus's political life has been concerned with events further south, where he was arrested in 1963, shot while trying to escape and finally imprisoned on Robben Island. Since his release in 1966 he has worked as a teacher in Britain and America. The evidence of an exile's pilgrimage is scattered throughout his latest collection, *Stubborn Hope* - Teheran, Kabul, Lagos, even a trip to the Lake District, and everything speaks of keeping going, of continuing the fight.

Yet somewhere lingers the stubborn hope
thus to endure can be a kind of fight,
preserve some value, assert some faith
and even have a kind of worth.

The problem is that these quiet, stubborn insights are too often drowned in a rush of words, by the massive overkill that we have seen in his previous books. Many of the 97 poems, old and new, in this collection should never have got past the poet let alone his editor. Take this *complete work*:

Perhaps
all
poems
are simply
drafts

Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong THE BRETHREN

"Woodward and Armstrong have produced a devastating human portrait of the Justices . . . *The Brethren* contains a wealth of detail on the way the nine Justices reached their decisions at a critical period in American history . . ."

Jonathan Steele, *Guardian*

"This latest work by Bob Woodward, co-author of the best sellers *All The President's Men* and *The Final Days* and Scott Armstrong, is a revelation . . . fascinating and instructive."

George Saunders, *The Scotsman*

"... relevant to some current controversies over judicial interpretations here . . ."

David Adamson, *Sunday Telegraph*

£7.95

Secker &
Warburg

Well yes, but who would have thought that E. J. Thribb was an African?

Fortunately Brutus does frequently abandon these attempts at minimalism and return to what he is best at, the straight presentation of experience; as here in a recollection of Robben Island where . . .

some mornings we lined up for hospital
- it meant mostly getting castor oil -
but what a varied bunch we were!
for all had injuries - but in such variety
split heads; smashed ankles, arms;
cut feet in bandages, or torn and bloodied legs:
some under uniform wore their mass of bruises
but what a bruised and motley lot we were!

That same light, self-mocking touch is at work in one of the best poems in this collection, 'From Shannon', where the poet describes the smoke-greys and slate-blues of the Lake District while recalling his love of Wordsworth and Coleridge only to realise, bitterly, that words will not work. . .

Nor free the men who crouch
over the piles of slate
and swing gray hammers
with their broken hands.

The transfer of the colours as a symbol of the transfer of language and poetry from England to Africa along with the awareness of the limits of the poet's role in the face of tyranny add a modest power to the poem that the more self-regarding pieces lack. The non-African reader will probably appreciate most these quieter poems, concerned as they are with love and landscape, yet Brutus's popularity with exile groups and young activists here and in the States comes not from the more thoughtful pieces, set as they are in the European tradition, but rather from those works of his that are meant to be shouted in protest or chanted in prison.

Given the system of pass-books and the more recent attempts to establish every black as a citizen of one of the home-lands, all non-white South Africans are exiles in their own country. Yet the resistance to this, the determination to create through words a sense of belonging, is one of the strongest themes in South African literature. It is within this context that the magazine *Staffrider*, produced by the Ravan Press, is best understood. *Staffrider* acts as a sort of published cultural centre for Soweto.

Anyone can come along and have at least one poem published. Its standards are awkward, being more concerned with expressions of feeling than feeling for expressions. One of *Staffrider's* best known writers is the poet Ingoapele Madingoane. His collection, *Africa my Beginning*, contains only two works. 'Black Trial' is a long poem in which he puts his own blackness on trial, moving from a bitter cynicism to an attempt to see himself as part of the whole of Africa, past and present.

But it is actually the shorter title poem that is best known. A friend recently returned from Johannesburg tells me that people in the townships recite *Africa My Beginning* as a form of reassurance. The poem tells of the coming of the whites, bringing treachery and exploitation, and moves through the rise of freedom fighters to the hope of liberation for Azania:

from apartheid in tatters
in the land of sorrow
from that marathon bondage

the sharpville massacre
the flames of soweto
i was born there
i will die there
in

*africa my beginning
and africa my ending*

It's fascinating that the middle section of the poem is written in Swahili, the lingua franca of Eastern Africa. Whereas an earlier generation of black South African writers looked to Harlem for their models, poets like Madingoane are now trying to end their exile and bring their poetry back to Africa.

Although, like Brutus, the poet Mazisi Kunene has long been exiled, he too writes about home, though in a more traditional way than Madingoane. Kunene has always written his poems first in Zulu, then re-written them in English, and while he admits that they lose something there is always enough distinctiveness retained to entertain, whether a detail of landscape or an unusual image:

I loved the children of the lion
When their manes were beginning to grow,
Simulating the ancient heroes.
I knew the greatness of their future
When they leapt on the tender necks of antelopes

But that was written ten years ago, in his collection *Zulu Poems*, when he wanted his English versions to exist in their own right; his latest book *Emperor Shaka the Great: a Zulu Epic* seems to have other concerns.

At the beginning of the last century Shaka Zulu created a vast empire in Southern Africa. Shaka himself was a visionary with a streak of melancholy madness, a military leader of genius and a lonely introvert, possibly a homosexual.

It is hardly surprising that a Shakan literature has appeared and that African writers, even those like the Nigerian, Wole Soyinka, who live far from Zululand, find in his life the blend of heroism and psychological complexity that the new black literature demands. As history, Mazisi Kunene's thick tome is enthralling but it is poetry only by Lowell's definition that the lines don't reach the edge of page. The trouble

seems to be that Kunene the Professor of African Literature has got the better of Kunene the poet. He seems to have stuck closely to his original Zulu version based on the Izibongo, the traditional praise-poems, which means that we must regard this as more of a translation than before. I hope Kunene will now go back to composing good poems in English.

Sipho Sepamla is probably the best of the South African poets, yet the one who has received the least critical attention. He has managed to go on living and working in Johannesburg without his poetry showing any sign of compromise. His most recent books, *The Blues is You in Me* (written before the Soweto riots) and *The Soweto I Love* (written after those pivotal events), provide the clearest insight possible into the new mood of radical politicisation.

Love for 'The Black Girl' as poignantly expressed in *the Blues* . . .

This girl has dimples
which I suspect
have always been there
and like a submarine
they tend to be subversive
coming to light
when sunshine falls on her face

. . . becomes in *Soweto* the horrendous story of one of the demented black workers whom the authorities unleashed on the townships to vent their sexual frustrations in an orgy of rape and violence against their own people. . .

When brother was slotted
in a rough-hewn hostel
to masturbate
no-one spoke of the animal breeding

So that during the riots. . .

brother sprayed sperms
all over sister's tender tissue
she strained her muscles
she bled internally

and Sepamla is left with the wish that. . .

I want to cancel off this night from
the calendar of our deeds
but the seeds have germinated.

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The Wyatts: An Architectural Dynasty by
JOHN MARTIN ROBINSON Oxford £25

The Wyatts are apt to confuse. 'All that is vile, cunning and rascally is included in the term Wyatt,' inveighed Pugin. He meant the best-known of the tribe, James Wyatt, facile architect of Georgian country houses but pernicious 'restorer' of cathedrals. 'The house is modern, by Wyatt,' intoned countless old-style guidebooks. They too meant James but were frequently wrong; as often as not the true culprit was Samuel or Jeffry or Lewis or Philip or Benjamin Dean, or even Matthew Digby or Thomas Henry Wyatt.

Set aside the architects, and you are only half done. There were, during the Georgian period, Wyatt land agents, painters, sculptors, carvers, surgeons and even one or two uncharacteristically luckless inventors, most honourably John Wyatt II, deviser of improved spinning and weighing machines. But one way or the other most of them were in the building business. 'Twenty-eight Wyatts were architects, all of skill and mostly of distinction,' booms Woodrow of that ilk in a tendentious preface to this book: 'few important constructions were contemplated without ask-

ing for a design or advice from a Wyatt.'

That is a palpable puff, and indeed old-style puffing quaintly pervades the book. Woodrow, the patron, puffs his author in periods of excruciating Chesterfieldian condescension. John Robinson, whose ability to turn a crisp phrase or tell a good story places him above need of puffing, in turn puffs the Wyatts, as is his manifest duty. Masterpieces saturate the pages; the cool Grecian statues of the obscure Richard Wyatt, for instance, qualify him as 'the most accomplished English sculptor of the 19th century' (Chantrey? Westmacott?). Occasionally Mr Robinson slips the leash. He confesses the Gothic of Jeffry Wyatt, architect of Windsor Castle, to be pretty dreary, the man himself a snob. He tries to be nice about James Wyatt's slaphappy cathedral restorations but never quite convinces himself, let alone the reader. Or again, he keeps patience for pages with Matthew Cotes Wyatt, whose colossal statues speak more of ambition than of artifice. Then he turns and rends *Bashaw*, that sculptor's sentimental and colourful statue in the V&A (always beloved of children) showing Lord Dudley's dog trampling a serpent.

Nevertheless Mr Robinson's story comes across for the most part with commendable economy and directness, aided by copious but equally uncontrived illustrations (many taken specially by Patrick Lichfield). He proceeds in plain chronological order, allotting a chapter to the greater and earlier architectural Wyatts but a half or less to their decreasingly memorable successors. The artists and sculptors get their due share, though one could have wished for more on the Wyatts engaged in land agency, a crucial 18th-century profession. The book indeed is too concise to put any of the Wyatts at great length within their context, but where this is needful it is well done.

Rather than weary the amateur with pages of formal analysis, Mr Robinson is always ready with the telling anecdote. Just as valuably, he is aware that the main Wyatt-puffers were the Wyatts themselves. Herein lies much of the instruction as well as amusement in this entertaining book. Most of the Wyatt clan were refreshingly free from the sulky individualism of genius. In general they were amiable, industrious and philoprogenitive (in and out of wedlock — Beckford's name for James was 'Bagasse' which Mr Robinson renders 'whore hopper' and his maid was expecting by him when he died in a coach crash at the age of 67).

Through the family (really the equivalent of the modern 'consortium') they were able to pull off some spectacular business strokes. Slating is one example. Before the Wyatts, London houses had roofs of tile — a better material than slate, as we know to our cost today. But from 1785 Benjamin Wyatt II was agent to Lord Penrhyn, owner of vast Caernarvonshire slate quarries. His brother the builder-architect Samuel, always an enthusiast for new materials, probably tipped him off to the market potential, so that by 1792 some 12,000 tons of slate were being shipped from North Wales to London, to the profit of all concerned. Then of course there was run-of-the-mill nepotism. Places in the Office of Works, where muddle exceeded all customary bounds under James's aegis, passed naturally from father to son or cousin to cousin.

If one Wyatt is to be singled out it must be Samuel, for whom Mr Robinson has special reverence. Samuel Wyatt combined the taste



Bashaw by Matthew Cotes Wyatt

of the artist-Wyatts with the ingenious practicality of the businessmen. Starting as a carpenter under Adam, he befriended and advised Matthew Boulton, promoted the short-lived Albion Mill at Blackfriars (where Watt's improved rotatory steam engine was first installed), reformed farm building, designed lighthouses and patented various quirky devices. And, like all the other architect-Wyatts, he put up dozens of country houses. Sam died in 1807, fittingly putting his boots on; his dashing brother James followed six years later in a smash. None of the later Wyatts quite measures up to these two, and we go gradually downhill until we reach Matthew III, sacked in 1884 from his post as architect to the Middlesex Hospital for 'something which happened on the previous Tuesday (probably drunkenness). Perhaps the family lustre may yet be restored by Pericles Plan tagenet James Casati (b.1963) or by Petronella Aspasia (b.1968), children of Woodrow Wyatt 'writer' — all this from Mr Robinson's family tree.

Jon Silkin

'A tram runs, and the soft flesh spills itself'

The tram runs, and the soft flesh spills itself

The lacey stone clops with a farrier's hoof. The flesh seems like an eyelid, clashing on the tidal rampages of energy.

Fatigue vials our death. But poised by strengt

you are a bird, whose thermals raise you up you make the rondures of air's faint flesh. The clicking registers with downy tongues strew a depraved north. Wheels gulp water sluicing the jagged braid work fractures in.

The soft remains of energy spill free.

Scraped faces lingering on black glass.

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**The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume III
1925-1930** edited by Anne Olivier Bell
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This is a distinguished and beautiful edition of a remarkable literary document. For aficionados of Virginia Woolf the *Diary* is invaluable and is, I think, more engrossing and revealing than the letters. This volume, which goes from the publication of *Mrs Dalloway* to the writing of the first draft of *The Waves* — the period in which her reputation was established, her writing was at its best, and money was beginning to roll in — is particularly absorbing. But even for readers not much in sympathy with Virginia Woolf, the *Diary* should be of historical interest.

That gift for nailing idiosyncracies, which plays an active though not a sufficiently recognised part in the fiction, is dominant in the *Diary*. It is full of marvellously acute sketches of literary figures, and it gives a close sense of one kind of life in the late Twenties: painful problems with the living-in servant ('Here is a fine rubbish heap left by our parents to be swept'), unchanging behaviour of the English aristocracy ('White flannels & tennis, mothers, & tutors & English houses & dinner with moths getting in the candles'), pleasures of the 'Algraphone' and the Singer car, village life in Sussex, elections, the General Strike from Bloomsbury's vantage point, and literary doings like the obscenity trial for *The Well of Loneliness* and the amalgamation of the *Nation* and the *New Statesman* under Kingsley Martin ('& would L. be literary editor? No; L. wd. not.').

This volume is full of meetings with remarkable men: Eliot, wretchedly trapped in his impossible marriage ('& inclined to particularise the state of Vivien's bowels too closely for my taste'); Wells in his sixties gossiping about James ('He always thought of clothes. He was never intimate with anyone'); Beerbohm, decorous, urbane, flattering; Hardy, 'immensely interested in facts, incidents', looking like an old solicitor and not talking about his books; Shaw saying 'I have never written anything except poetry', Yeats at tea with Ottoline Morrell and Walter de la Mare analysing their dreams and saying that he and de la Mare could write only 'small fireside poems', with 'most of emotion outside their scope' because they were at the end of an era. (Was the future, then, with the novel? Virginia Woolf suggested.) 'Wherever one cut him, with a little question, he poured, spouted fountains of ideas.' Her perceptions in these sketches are fine:

And what it comes to is that the great are very simple; quick to come to terms with; reserved; and don't pay any attention to other peoples books... & live in an atmosphere very serene, bright, & fenced off...

Such encounters are of more general interest than the Bloomsbury goings-on, though there is plenty here for devotees: the relationship with Vita Sackville-West gets into its stride ('she lavishes on me the maternal protection

which, for some reason, is what I have always most wished from everyone'); Clive Bell has more affairs ('Love love love — Clive, Clive, Clive; — that's the tune of it'); Ethel Smyth, 'a game old bird', lumbers into Virginia's life. Her life is affected, too, by the enormous increase in her earnings. *Orlando* sells over 6,000 in three months; in 1929 she has earned £1,800 by June (compared with £200 in the year for 1926). She is fascinated by the 'shrinkage of money' which turns £50 into the reward for a 2,000 word review, instead of 'a substantial sum'.

The *Diary*'s charm, though, lies in its mixing of facts about friends seen and money earned with a record of the imagination at work. The evolution of *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, the personal background to *Orlando* and the shaping of *A Room of One's Own* are fully documented; and the careful sharing-out of her energies between the novel on hand, the *Diary*, the journalism and the letters is minutely recorded. Much of this is already available in *A Writer's Diary* (1953), but that couldn't give what the full *Diary* does, a sense of the connections created by an original mind writing relaxedly, in private. The best comparison is with Keats's letters.

An instructive comment, made after she has refused a lunch-date, points to her mind's characteristic movement between states, its 'sudden intense changes of view': 'The Virginia who refuses is a very instinctive & therefore powerful person. The reflective & sociable only comes to the surface later. Then the conflict.' Much of the *Diary* is ignited from conflict: between egotism and alien reality; between the pressure of people and the compulsion to work; more obscurely, between

an agitated sense of panic and failure, and a retreating deep into the self as into a 'sanctuary'. Such movements of the mind are marvellously reflected in the *Diary*'s juxtapositions. For instance, an exclamation on Shakespeare's genius ('Look at this, Upon a gather'd lily almost withered... Evidently the pliancy of his mind was so complete that... relaxing, [he] lets fall a shower of such unregarded flowers') is followed by an anecdote about a head gardener describing the blueing of his hydrangeas: 'How easy to go mad over the blueness of hydrangeas and think of nothing else'. Fluidity and fixity are characteristically opposed.

One version of this continuous conflict between phases, or types, of mental activity, crucial to an understanding of her work, is the opposition she often makes between the 'tugging' at the mind of surface writing — journalism, essays, *A Room of One's Own* — and the mind's need to float passively, indulging in 'scene making', allowing images to well up. Another is the see-saw between an attachment to life's small, local pleasures, and a sense that really 'there is nothing — nothing for any of us'. There is a severe, disaffected side to her mind which anticipates with some relish 'that simple & profound paper upon suicide which I see myself leaving for my friends'. But, at a touching moment in the *Diary*, she quotes, with approval, Wordsworth's account of what we have to set against that:

the ties
That bind the perishable hours of life
Each to the other, & the curious props
By which the world of memory and thought
Exists and is sustained.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Stuart Hood

Murder on the Way

Santiago Alvarez Season *NFT*

Perhaps the simplest way to describe the work of Santiago Alvarez, the Cuban film-maker whose work has been the subject of a highly successful season at the National Film Theatre, is to say that he is the John Heartfield of cinema. The parallel is valid on two levels. Like Heartfield, Alvarez draws his images from a diversity of sources — from newsreels, from still photographs, from cartoons, from painting and sculpture — and creates from them a montage. Like Heartfield's, the statements he makes with his montages are informed by political passion; for he is an artist who thinks and feels politically.

His is by definition not a kind of film-making with which we are familiar in Britain. It is true that in Humphrey Jennings we had a director who collected images in much the same way to make deeply felt statements — statements about the nation as a family at war with a curiously distanced and impersonal enemy — and whose montages, as in his marvellously skilful *Diary for Timothy*, are strikingly effective; but Jennings's aestheticism, his nostalgia and, above all, his denial of class contradictions make him the polar opposite of Alvarez whose socialism is combative — an identification with the struggle against the forces of American aggression in Chile, Vietnam or the Caribbean. The fact is that if we wish to find a parallel to Alvarez's work we have to go back to Dziga Vertov whose *Three Songs about Lenin* are technically and politically close to Alvarez's moving tribute to Victor Jara, the Chilean singer murdered in the stadium in Santiago de Chile, or to his *Hasta la Victoria Siempre*, made in an incredible 48 hours to mark the death of Che Guevara and shown to the great crowd which mourned that death in the Plaza de la Revolucion in Habana.

The circumstances in which the obituary to Che Guevara were shown — although obituary is a bad word to describe a film which in its images is celebratory and optimistic — help to explain another unfamiliar side of Alvarez's work. His is a rhetorical mode of film-making whereas radical cinema as we have known it in recent years in Europe has tended to be cerebral and analytical rather than committed to the making of strong political statements. It would be possible — and it is probable that Alvarez himself would not disagree — to call his films agitprop, but this is an agitprop far removed from socialist realism.

Thus his *LBJ*, a savage lampoon of Lyndon Johnson — the title is a punning acronym for Luther King, Bobby Kennedy and John Kennedy — is a dazzling display of special effects, of rostrum camera work, of clips from Hollywood films reshot from wide screen versions and thereby ludicrously squeezed. *LBJ* is a statement 18 minutes long in the course of which the inventiveness of the film-maker and

his team constantly surprises and delights. It is at the same time a deadly and accurately aimed attack on a political system in which assassination had become an accustomed weapon and the circumstances of the killings veiled in misinformation and mystery. Like any lampoon it does not aim at fairness; in this it is like a Gilroy cartoon or Shelley's 'I saw Murder on the way/And the face was the face of Castlereagh.'

It is clear that in Alvarez's case necessity was to a great extent the mother of invention. Without being reductive it is possible to argue that the lack of resources in Cuba, the result of the American blockade, meant that films at a crucial moment had to be made with whatever was available. This can not however explain the ingenuity Alvarez showed in the



From Alvarez's *My Brother Fidel*

use of found material and of captions that explode on to the screen, in the elaboration of metaphors which recur in one film after another so that they become part of an iconography: predatory birds (as in *The Bird of the Lighthouse* which deals with US harassment of Cuban fishermen), an immense explosion in a quarry as an image of the power of the revolution in Chile and elsewhere, images of cruelty (British soldiers mauling and kicking demonstrators in Aden, or a GI with cigarette in mouth and his foot on a Viet Cong whom he has just repeatedly shot). These he puts together in new and startling ways so that their repetition produces not a feeling of boredom but of recognition and of surprise that they are made to work in such varied contexts. Their effect is increased by his use of music which replaces commentary — an element which in his best work he reduces to a minimum, thus dispensing with what has rightly been criticised in conventional

documentary: the god-like omniscient voice of authority. Presumably it was his background as a music archivist in the film industry of pre-revolutionary Cuba which gave him his knowledge of music and his sureness in its choice, ranging from folk music to the work of Luigi Nono and *musique concrète*. An exemplary film in this respect is *Now* (running time six minutes) with a sound track by Lena Horne married to images of racism in the United States.

In his more conventional documentary works such as his two extended films on Vietnam — *Hanoi Thursday 13th* or *April in Vietnam in the Year of the Cat* — the camerawork and the way in which the footage is edited are marked by what by conventional standards is a certain looseness — wide roaming shots which the impatient editor might wish he could cut short, untidy moments when a speaker leaves a rostrum with a gesture to the camera crew that undercuts his official status (he is, in fact, General Giap), the collapse of a row of seating during Castro's visit to Vietnam. A willingness to open up a space on the screen is to be found again in *I am a Son of America*, a 'film record of a journey' which Castro made through Chile in 1971. This extended newsreel is deceptively loose-jointed but powerful in its cumulative effect and in its

insistent contextualisation of the Chilean situation in the politics of America. It is, on another level, a poignant document of the popular enthusiasm for the Allende government.

What we are not used to in such film-making is the easy pace and a certain discursive quality which can be deceptively innocent. In *April in Vietnam*, a shot of a street scene picks up what appears to be a roofed bullock-cart escorted by a woman soldier and clambered over by children; the connotations are pastoral. Only when the shot has been extended and intercut with other street scenes do we see that the roof is part of a fuselage bearing the badge of the US Strategic Bomber Command. In much the same way the long opening section of *Hanoi Thursday 13th* with its low-key observational filming, and with the establishment of a relationship between the camera and its subjects that is devoid of voyeurism, is interrupted by the death and

destruction of a bombing raid.

Such films derive naturally from the involvement of Alvarez and his team in the production of Cuban newsreels. The newsreel is a genre on which he has clear views. In its traditional form, he rightly maintains, it offered the audience a sequence of disconnected and highly edited extracts from events which explained nothing. (He would no doubt go along with the proposition that their modern equivalent is the television newscast). Working for ICAIC, the Cuban Film Institute, he determined to produce newsreels which dealt with one event at length — the effects of a cyclone on the Cuban countryside, the mid-air sabotage of a plane carrying a Cuban sports delegation — and to place the events in a political context, relating them to the Cuban sense (which comes across strongly) of living on a beleaguered island open to intimidation, assault and the intrigues of the CIA.

These are certainly not impartial accounts. Indeed Alvarez is clear that he is not interested in objectivity, holding that what others describe as 'objective statements' are subjective ones in a disguised form. It is an approach to events which carries over into a historical documentary like *The First Delegate*. This commemorates the election of the Cuban poet, José Martí, as the first delegate of the Cuban revolutionary party which he created in exile in 1892 during the war against Spanish colonialism. It might have turned out as the Cuban equivalent of a BBC *Chronicle*; it faced the same problems of how to deal with still photographs, how to use objects in a museum, how to achieve movement where moving pictures are lacking. But while there have been *Chronicles* which have found equally intelligent technical solutions to these problems none have been informed with the same passion and political conviction. Nor could one conceive of a *Chronicle* in which the narrator is revealed to be reading the narrative of the film to tobacco-workers who, from time to time, express their assent or excitement by drumming on their work-tables.

There are criticisms to be made of Alvarez's work. His coverage of a political occasion like the 4th Congress of Non-aligned Countries (why did we not see it on our television screens?) skated over a host of unanswered questions; in his documentaries — as in all political journalism — there are statements and hopes which history has negated. More uncomfortably, there is a feeling that in his latest films his work has become increasingly conventional, less sharp, celebratory in a courtierly way. As the feeling of his work has changed the film-making has become less interesting. Perhaps the reasons are to be found in a certain remoteness from the process of working on the material.

There are not many film-makers, however, who could count among their works a film like *The Servant's Dream*. It is 11 minutes long. The spoken text is a story first told by a Peruvian Indian and here retold in his own words by a young boy — the story of a dream in which the servant is anointed with honey and his master smeared with shit. It is a folk-tale based on binary imagery which would delight Lévi-Strauss. Using a handful of images, Alvarez turns it into a moving statement about poverty in Latin America and elsewhere which transcends the arid games of the structuralists. A work like this confirms his unique talent and his assured place in the history of film.

The Arts Worldwide

NIGEL LEWIS writes about Czechoslovakia's First and Second Cultures

WITH THE INDOMITABLE Vaclav Havel still in prison and Pavel Kohout in exile the focus of Czechoslovakia's 'Second Culture' has shifted from plays back to pop and folk music. 'Back' because it was the arrest and imprisonment of *The Plastic People Of The Universe* pop group four years ago that led to the formation by the philosopher Jan Patocka, in 1977, of the Charter '77 human rights movement. It is that movement — together with the more recently-formed 'Committee For The Defence Of The Unjustly Prosecuted' (VONS) — that continues to provide the momentum for liberalisation in Czechoslovakia. Following Patocka's death in March 1977, the philosophical lead has been given most recently by Julius Tomin.

So absurd is the situation in the land the musicians call simply 'Czecho' that 'dissidents' are those who campaign for normality as distinct from the state's artificially imposed 'normalisation': their belief that behaving normally must take precedence over behaving themselves does not make them revolutionaries. That is a label they reject, as they often do 'dissidents'. Nor is the Second Culture a matter of styles and stimulants: the colour of one's thoughts — indeed, the ability to think for oneself at all — is the criterion for membership, not the cut of one's clothes or hair.

This stress on shared thoughts can be seen in the kind of songs the pop musicians perform — songs whose subject-matter would be unthinkable in the western pop context. *The Plastic People*, for example, are currently working on a cycle of songs based on the work of the Czech philosopher Ladislav Klima (1878-1928) who rejected materialism and asserted that reality is entirely intellectual (Bishop Berkeley is very popular among the

Czech young). One of the folk singer Jaroslav Hutka's best-known songs draws parallels between Patocka and Socrates; another plays on the name of Havel and its diminutive, Havlicek — the name of a 19th-century Czech revolutionary not unpopular with the present regime.

Both songs are on a record called 'The Probable Distances' — recorded live at Hutka's last public concert in Czecho before he was totally banned, and before his departure for Rotterdam early last year. It has been brought out by Hutka's former manager, Jiri Pallas, who was like Hutka a signatory of Charter '77 and who was also forced to emigrate. He went to Uppsala, in Sweden, in 1978. There he has resurrected a banned Czech recording company, Safrán (Saffron), which has some Swedish government backing but makes most of its money from record-sales. Recent releases include 'Banned Singers Of The Second Culture' (recorded secretly inside Czecho by Swedish engineers) and a recording of Havel's play *Audience* featuring Havel himself. Another Hutka record — 'The Past Is Waving At Us' — comes out in the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, in Canada, a former vocalist with *The Plastic People*, the Canadian Paul Wilson, is bringing out a new record by the group: the Hradecek — or 'Little Castle' — Passion, which it recorded at Vaclav Havel's place in the country two Easters ago, before Havel's imprisonment. Wilson believes it is the finest thing they've done, and writes in the mimeographed American magazine *Eurock* that:

If *The Who* legitimized the rock opera, then *The Plastic People* should be given credit for doing the same thing for the Passion Play, an art form that has even deeper roots in European musical

ROY HARPER... THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

...THE ALBUM ...THE TOUR

APRIL 26th GUILDFORD UNIVERSITY
28th EXETER UNIVERSITY
29th CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY

MAY 1st NORWICH U.E.A.
2nd LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
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and theatrical tradition than opera does . . . The passion of Christ becomes a direct representation of life in a dictatorship, where friends can become police informers and people are jailed or hounded to death or driven into exile simply for trying to live by the truth as they see it.

Wilson has put 'every last cent' he has into the record, and was anxious to get it out over the Easter period, at a time when the Czech Second Culture is more than usually aware of the Passion whose existence the First Culture refuses to recognise.

THE FIRST CULTURE's foreign relations, by contrast, are all officially enshrined, and nowhere more so than with Austria, the western country with which Czechoslovakia enjoys by far the closest cultural contact. The history of this contact goes back a long way — to the Austro-Hungarian Empire and beyond — and music has traditionally played a large part in it: it may be recalled that Mozart on occasion expressed a preference for the audiences in Prague over those in Vienna. This relationship has been prolonged within the framework of a special cultural treaty renewed every two years at ceremonies either in Vienna or in Prague. The last renewal was in 1979.

An example of the benign influence which this treaty has enabled Austria occasionally to exercise over the First Culture was the agreement whereby Pavel Kohout and the banned actor Pavel Landovsky were allowed to leave Czechoslovakia on a one-year visa to work at the Vienna Burghtheater. For the first time there seemed to be a real possibility of something approaching a *rapprochement* between First and Second Cultures, but these hopes were dashed last autumn when Kohout, after his time was up, was stopped at the border, refused entry, and stripped of his Czech citizenship. The Austrians protested, insulting remarks were made by the Czech press attaché in Vienna, and the Burghtheater, while on a Czech tour, was pointedly snubbed. It was ignored by the press, and the theatres where it played were 'papered' with dour Party members who stonily refused to laugh at the right moments or even to clap at the end. On its return, the Burghtheater issued a statement saying it would never act in Czechoslovakia again.

A chain of events which would elsewhere have been considered in isolation here erupted into a full-blown diplomatic incident. This was precisely because they were in such contrast to the usual relationship, and that relationship was quick to reassert itself. In mid-November, the very middle of the quarrel, the Austrian Foreign Minister Dr Willibald Pahr issued a statement saying that recent talks in Prague had been positive and friendly. After the briefest of lulls, the outspoken attaché was recalled from Vienna, and the programme of exchanges resumed as before. Only last month, the Black Theatre of Prague was in Vienna (where two of its members asked for asylum). For their part, the Austrians are saying that the cultural treaty remains intact despite the Kohout incident and despite Afghanistan, and from the Foreign Ministry in Vienna I learn that the Burghtheater — despite its resolution to the contrary — will 'definitely' be visiting Czechoslovakia again in the near future.

But the restored relationship with Austria is just one aspect of what appears to be a concerted campaign by Czechoslovakia to strengthen its cultural ties with other countries — at a time when, because of Afghanistan,

plans for cultural exchanges are being torn up or shelved all over the place. They include plans for the dancers Jana Kurova and Lubomir Kafka to visit the United States and for the Smetana Quartet and the violinist Josef Suk to visit West Germany. All of which suggests a confidence on the part of Czechoslovakia's First Culture that it will continue to remain first for a long time to come.

Television

Julian Barnes

Semi-Blitz

With a clatter of American oaths and the soft click of a chess-clock's flag, another fine series of *The Master Game* (BBC-2) came to an end. After the last equally fine series there was natural viewer anxiety lest the powers—that-be, perceiving the excellence of the show, decided to bugger it about with 'improvements': inviting 'guest celebrities' like Charlie Drake to joshingly push the first pawn; making Korchnoi don Hitachi-sponsored satinette running-shorts; getting Alan Weeks, or even TV's version of an intellectual, Magnus Motssonson, to take over the commentary. Such fears have happily proved groundless. The balance between play, analysis and voice-over comment from the contestants remains absolutely right, so that even dull, predictable, drawish games become gripping. It may be the case, however, that there *are* no dull games of chess (and one fights off the undermining thought that *TMG* contestants might be encouraged by the producer to be 'lively' in their choice of play).

Surprise of the tournament was Lothar Schmid — a millionaire publisher in real life — who initially came along just for the ride; in the first round he offered a draw to Korchnoi, had it turned down, and promptly defeated the world's number two. In the final Schmid met Walter Browne, the wild boy of the circuit, who will — if *TMG* catches on big, as it deserves, and pulls in audiences around the 20 million mark — emerge as The Man You Love to Hate: the Mick McManus of the boxwood. Browne is a grouchy American with the sort of moustache Charles Bronson sports in the films where he kills even more people than usual; he treats opponents he is beating with lordly contempt, and opponents who are beating him with a remarkable facsimile of the same emotion. If he happens to be losing, he makes you understand, it is only because he got so incredibly bored with the triteness of his opponent's wood-pushing that he was practically asleep — or, more likely, 20 moves ahead — when his queen foolishly strayed into that pawn-trap.

And in the 1980 final, this is roughly what happened. The underdog opened cautiously with white; Browne feistily with black: 'I feel I should punish him for his opening passive moves.' Schmid then did a little shimmy of bishop and queen near his castled king, looked as if he was stuck for ideas, laid a tiny trap, and Browne fell in. 'I gotta be better than *that*,' croaked the American, surveying his endangered position, 'Ah, no, I can't believe

this, can't *believe* I've made a mistake.' Schmid, a tentative pawn up, proceeded with the delicate tread of a stalking lepidopterist. 'Ha, he's thought not less than 51 minutes on this move'; then, with quiet triumph, 'King to F2, I am very happy.' In the semi-blitz finish that followed, Browne finally ran out of time. He rose to his feet and grunted, 'Well, congratulations': it was spoken with all the warm sincerity formerly used for pardoning one's hangman.

Simon Gray's *The Rear Column* (BBC-1) is, as my colleague Benedict Nightingale observed (NS 3 March 1978), *Heart of Darkness* revisited. Five members of H. M. Stanley's back-up team, led by the increasingly paranoid Major Barttelot (sweaty, grinning Barry Foster) are stuck in the Congo in 1887. 'There's nothing here to wait for,' observes one of them as they circulate the quinine, to which he gets the Imperial reply, 'One's honour'. The wearing-down of this honour by attritional Africa is the play's rather sluggish theme, until 'the Horror' finally arrives: Barttelot spears his servant, John Henry, to death, and even the humane artist Jameson is detachedly forking out a girl victim for a cannibal feast. At Christmas, 'in a scene which seemed theatrically over-emphatic (though as soon as you write that you tend to get a letter saying it was all historically accurate), they don mess-kit and sing 'The Twelve Days of Christmas': this homely touch of Europe is gradually drowned out by native drums.

Even for a 'slow corruption' play, *The Rear Column* was a bit static, and one only cared sporadically for the fate of its members. There was the occasional wry, Grayish exchange — 'Those are the three things John Henry knows about Tippoob Tibb: that he's good, that he's bad, and how he got his name'; 'Which is one thing more than we know about most people' — but mostly the playwright seemed caged by linguistic verisimilitude (though none of his officers, he should have known, would have used the word 'gobbledygook', let alone as a verb, in 1887). The play did suddenly gather strength towards the end, and closed with the ironic first appearance of Stanley. Relaxed and neatly groomed, the explorer puzzles rather unconcernedly over the fate of his rear column, and then idly reflects that Emin Pasha (to whose relief he had gone, and who was thus the initial cause of the Englishmen's fate) turned out, when rescued, to be extremely displeased.

Fox (Thames) also charts the operation of clannish honour, though of a more spotted variety: that of a semi-villainous family presided over by cardiganed Peter Vaughan. The programme has apparently been getting lower ratings than *Out*, Trevor Preston's last Sahf Lunnun series for Euston Films, and it's not hard to see why: the interest is more diffuse, the desire to make each episode self-sufficient and yet fit into a wider plot can be a strain, and that weekly song which tells you precisely what is happening and how to respond to it is both otiose and patronising. Still, *Fox* remains lively viewing, street-smart, mean, and horribly evocative of the tacky areas of life we switch on our televisions to avoid. Line of the week came from Ray Fox (Derrick O'Connor, with more than a touch of Tom Bell about him): 'Rita — sophisticated bird is she? Finks coq au vin is a bunkup in the back of a motor?' Too neat to be probable, no doubt, but O'Connor delivered it with his usual stoneface panache.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Swaddled Ambitions

Three Sisters by CHEKHOV *Warehouse*
Cymbeline by SHAKESPEARE *Lyric Studio, Hammersmith*
The Volunteer by MICHAEL ARDITTI *Shaw*

The RSC *Three Sisters* begins and ends with an identical image, the girls of the title with their arms around each other, like exotic creepers in a patio. The first time they cluster together defiantly, hopefully, playfully, trapping brother Andrei into the same affectionate embrace and tickling him when he tries to escape; the second, they huddle in unabashed despair, while Andrei mooches across the stark stage with the antique pram in which his ambitions lie swaddled. The object of Trevor Nunn's production, insofar as something so intricate can be ascribed something so straightforward, is to chart with due precision the human mechanics of this change.

Jonathan Miller's celebrated revival of the play was in some ways more eloquent, principally because the second sister, Masha, was played by Janet Suzman, who is one of the few British actresses with the physical and vocal equipment to fling herself across emotional chasms without embarrassing slip-ups. Mr Nunn's production, though, is the more balanced, the more cautious and discriminating with the spread of its sympathies. Suzanne Bertish's Masha, an off-hand, impatient girl with her feet characteristically slumped on a stool and a cigarette between her lips, is hardly more the epicentre of the play's seismography than Janet Dale's owlishly self-appalled Olga or Emily Richard's Irina, with her plaintive howls of 'Moscow, Moscow, Moscow'. Or, for that matter, than Timothy Spall's Andrei, whose fat, gormless laughter dwindles with marriage into a sort of unhappy gurgle. Or Roland Rees's Tusenbach, gauche, excitable, and painfully frightened when he stumbles off to what he rightly suspects will be his death. Or even Griffith Jones's doctor, unusually distressed by his own inability to cope with the fire-victims of Act Three, and therefore unusually plausible when it comes to projecting a snoozy nihilism in the closing scenes. This time, the task of reviewing seems largely to consist of cataloguing the cast as comprehensively as possible, with roughly equal compliments for all.

Objections may of course be made. I myself became increasingly frustrated by Mr Nunn's almost fanatic devotion to shadows and murk, since I like to see all I can in a theatre, including the slant of the eyes and twist of the mouth; and those who like their emotions big, raw and frequent may feel he's a bit stingy with such moments as the one when Masha has to be dragged from the arms of the departing Vershinin, or when Andrei sobs out his contradictory miseries to sisters who are inexplicably skulking behind the bedroom furniture. But even if the production is a mite

dry, and I'm not sure that it is, the compensations are considerable. For once we can see pretty clearly what is wrong with the three sisters, spoiled, self-absorbed, self-pitying creatures, for all their clubby manners and nice sensibilities; and so for once we can see what's right with those they disdain, down to Susan Tracy's Natasha, the 'bourgeois cow' and insensitive predator who has married their brother. Hasn't she become what she is partly because she's been so patronised by people upon whose good-will she ought to be able to rely and whose affection she still stupidly, touchingly takes for granted? This may not be a production that grabs at the heart: it is certainly one with a refreshing respect for the head.

The target at the Lyric is the imagination. Somehow we must convince ourselves that an absolutely bare stage, lit by the same white glare throughout, is Roman Britain, and that three actors and two actresses, dressed for a sloppy-genteel game of tennis, are its population, friends and invaders. It's a task that doesn't prove too difficult, in spite of such oddities as John Dicks's testy Cymbeline arraigning John Dicks's repentant Iachimo, and Dicks answering Dicks from his knees. As the theatre is constantly reminding us, disbelief can be suspended to almost any length nowadays without the rope snapping.

No, the trouble is that the onus this famous five has boldly accepted would probably be too great even for the most expert of specialist Shakespearean players, which none of them would claim to be. How can Raad Rawi, say, think and feel his way into the innards of Leonatus when a moment later he must pucker his eyes, thrust out his chin, and become the vain, aggressive Cloten? How switch from Cloten to Belarius without so much as a prop, a costume, or a shadow to help him? Shared Experience, as the group calls itself, inevitably lacks detail, nuance, richness, depth. What it offers instead is energy, pace, fluency, scope. It's a bargain many of the audience seemed ready to accept, as I to some extent also was myself by the time we'd reached a final scene whose improbable swappings of part and role clearly had some point and purpose. The characters sloughed off pretence, emerged from disguise; they were reconciled, melted into each other; and we were left with two actresses and three actors in casual togs holding hands and raising their arms triumphantly aloft. It made a striking denouement.

The Volunteer re-opens the Shaw, re-animates the National Youth Theatre, and introduces us to an interesting young dramatist who has, it seems, himself worked in an assessment centre like the one where his play is set. This is a tale of mutual mistrust and unresolved hostilities culminating in the realisation, clearly painful to the author, that his canny Cockney delinquents prefer the centre's brusque and autocratic *fürher* to the well-intentioned outsider from liberal Oxford. The general implications of this might, however, be more significant if Mr Arditti saw just how platitudinous, how earnestly wet his 'volunteer' actually seems. The young man's personality is, we feel, as much an explanation of failure as his privileged background and naive expectations. The acting is very NYT, meaning that more heat than light is generated; but there are good, vigorous performances from Jonathan Cullen as a 14-year-old hard man and from Katy Behean, seen too briefly as a problem boy's problem mum.

Films

John Coleman

Times Have Changed

Mirror (U) *Camden Plaza*
Bad Timing (X) *Classic, Haymarket; Studio, Oxford Street; Screen on the Green; Odeons Kensington, Westbourne Grove, Swiss Cottage and Chelsea.*
Starting Over (AA) *ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue and Bayswater; Studio, Oxford Street*
Rocky II (A) *London Pavilion; Classic, Oxford Street; Scene; Odeons Kensington, Westbourne Grove and Chelsea*
Boardwalk (AA) *New Classic, Chelsea*

With a certain wistfulness, one recalls the days when it was possible to take in a movie and leave, contentedly or not, feeling one had got the meat of it. The sensation begins to seem positively medieval. See a film just once? You'll only have skimmed the surface. What about those books left lying about, those paintings or posters glimpsed on the wall? What about the sub-texts? The extremely talented Andrei Tarkovsky — who made the series *S-F Solaris* — is a case in point. His ill-fated *Mirror* (1974) got a heavy bureaucratic and even critical thumbs-down in his native USSR, which automatically works in its favour now that it has finally struggled its way into London. Or would tend to, particularly for those aware of the even sicker fate of his brilliant compatriot Sergei Paradjanov, finally out of jail but also out of business for good: see an excellent article-interview in last Monday's *Times* and note also that, for reasons no doubt diplomatic, Paradjanov is not even mentioned in the introduction to Ian Christie's 'New Soviet Cinema' season currently in progress at the NFT.

Mirror turns out to be an altogether extraordinary affair, a reviewer's nightmare, crammed with stunning images and yet adding a baleful second meaning to my title: time changes backwards and forwards within it quite bewilderingly. In essence, it is Tarkovsky's private autobiography. Born in 1932, he was a child of the Stalin era and the film is an almost hermetic assembly of his memories, fantasies, dreams and ambiguous

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observations on history, with documentary footage of Russians grimly at war, the fall of Berlin, the first atomic bomb, even Maoist demonstrations in the Sixties. 'He' is Alexei and is never fully seen as a grown man, being simply — if that is the word — the voice-over narrator (the voice belongs to Innokenti Smoktunovsky). Tarkovsky's father is also heard but not seen, reading some of his own poems, and his mother appears as the adult Alexei's mother in some crucial sequences. To add to the confusion, the child Alexei's mother and the man Alexei's wife are played by the same enchanting actress, Margarita Terekhova.

Rain lashes down on the countryside (as it did in *Solaris*), wind astonishingly sweeps across grassland in a strangely beautiful scene, there is a clearly metaphorical opening where a stuttering lad is shown on TV being cured by hypnotism. Colour and black-and-white are used, apparently at random. The most compelling episode is based on a famous error at the State Publishing House. Stalin was printed as Sralin, or 'the shitting man'. In life, heads fell. Here, fears of a mistake prove groundless and the effect is bleak comedy, greatly welcome at that.

Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing* — make no question — has a fair old amount going for it. I only wish I were more certain exactly what. The inconclusive story centres around what is basically an experience of lust in Vienna, the off-and-on sexual antics and angsts of two American exiles, wilful Milena (Theresa Russell), presumably of independent means, and doleful Dr Alex Linden (Art Garfunkel), a research psychoanalyst who does the odd job for the CIA on the side. It emerges the young woman has a Czech husband (Denholm Elliott), abandoned over the border: as so often, Mr Elliott draws weary miracles from a minor role. The crux of the matter, however, is Milena's attempted suicide, the unpleasant analyst's 'ravishment' of her as she lay in a coma and before summoning an ambulance, the battle of wits that then ensues between Linden (whose hair rather corkscrews up) and an Austrian police inspector (Harvey Keitel, whose hair hangs very much down) over the rightly suspected delay in making that phone call: an antagonistic complicity of sorts is implied here.

There is a facile nastiness about several rapid parallel cuts from acts of love-making to the beastly and blood-soaked things being done to save Milena's life; and there is a plethora of camera side-swipes at chichi cultural items (remember the Borges bit in *Performance*?); felt as false fodder for those who rejoice in making pseudo-intellectual connections of no relevance to anything. What notably gave me the trots, though, was the overall style, which yet again plays merry hell with chronology. Conscientiously non-sequential — a wander round an art gallery is immediately followed by that screaming ambulance, and so on — such temporal fragmentation draws attention to itself, away from what insights good and true the film actually enshrines. Utterly in the margin, I can't resist adding that *Bad Timing* sometimes looks like the longest cigarette commercial ever, in the most literal sense a drag from beginning to end.

Alan J Pakula's *Starting Over* benefits largely from a serio-comic script by James L Brooks, a writer who can manage one-liners with the best of them; better still, he can churn out five- or even six-liners. Withdrawn from a novel by Dan Wakefield, the excruciatingly

contemporary tale casts Burt Reynolds — increasingly discarding that centre-fold macho image for more humane and humorous parts, more human parts if you will — as a successful magazine writer abruptly walked out on by wife Candice Bergen, a singer of no great merit but considerable spirit. Reynolds wilts beguilingly and moves from New York to Boston, where he encounters an initially reluctant Jill Clayburgh (she mistakes him for a rapist at first, which seems par for the coarse, stateside, these wicked days). Losing one job, mucking up another and joining a dispiriting Divorced Men's Workshop, Reynolds manages — with vestigial virility — to secure Miss Clayburgh. Then the importunate Bergen pops up again, but not before the movie's zaniest moment when a whey-faced Reynolds relapses into infantilism while trying to buy a sofa for his Jill at Bloomingdale's: an anxious, small crowd showers him with offers of Valium, everyperson's panacea. The most improbable thing about an otherwise pretty alert enterprise is a happy ending.

One had forgotten precisely how slurry and slobbish Sylvester Stallone had been in the first *Rocky*, that old-fashioned fairy-tale of baddish boy making good. It came as a shock to hear him spooning out cocky nonsense and watch that manic walk again in the sequel, *Rocky II*. This one picks up where the other left off. The guy is a hero and people surround him, guaranteeing the earth. Someone says he should do something about a condominium. He's shocked: never use 'em he explains. Others try to use him in a TV commercial for a male scent, Brut-ish. Meanwhile, he has married shy Adrian (Talia Shire) and bought a posh house.

Nothing for it but manual labour: for a while, he works as a meat-packer. That job, too, proves short-lived. Little Adrian, although pregnant, goes back to her old chore in a pet-shop while he frets. Then he decides and the excitement starts building, to one's shame. There are magnificent training sessions, including chicken-chasing, under the guidance once more of a battered Burgess Meredith. Snarls Stallone, 'I feel like a Kentucky Fried Idiot,' as he races hopelessly after the bird. Tragedy: Adrian has her baby boy a month early but goes into a coma. Triumph: the big, terminal fight itself. The disgraceful formula takes its exhilarating toll.

Stephen Verona's *Boardwalk*, set in Thug-gish Brooklyn, is unpleasant tosh, a very bored walk on the wild side, unless you fancy seeing Ruth Gordon bravely dying of cancer and her irate hubby, Lee Strasberg, Methodically throttling the large black youthful leader of the Satans.

Among this week's contributors:

MORRIS FRASER is Senior Psychiatric Registrar at University College Hospital and Friern Hospital. He is also the author of *Children in Conflict* and *The Death of Narcissus*.

ELSA FERRI is a Senior Research Officer at the National Children's Bureau.

HERMIONE LEE teaches English at the University of York, and is the author of *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*.

ANDREW SAINT is the author of *Richard Norman Shaw*.

NIGEL LEWIS was the co-founder of *The Arts Worldwide* programme on BBC-3.

STUART HOOD lectures in communications at Goldsmiths' College, London.

Weekend Competition

No 2613

Set by Catherine Rushton

Another re-run of an oldie. I've just been reminded of the venerable comp (at least one of its incarnations took place around 30 years ago) based on mythical overheard remarks. Wondering what would make an eavesdrop in intriguing and entertaining today, I'm asking you to let me know, by 2 May. Max. five goes each; no more than five sentences per go; I would help if you supplied context — briefly.

No 2610

Set by P.W.R. Foo

Home thoughts from abroad which Browning or any other poet of the past might have had if living now.

Report

By Fat Jeff

Whatever my softer (or should I say wetter? colleagues may think, Mr Bill Greenwell will find that pointing out minor so-say geographical errors is no way to re-enter the winning lists when I'm in charge (from where sit Exeter is on Exmoor). Besides, he saved me the trouble of reading his entries by pointing out himself that they were 'of dubious quality'. As for the rest of you, you produced in the main a rather weary and depressing successor of angst-ridden odes on the Browning model crammed with bitter references to Tories Thatcher and monetarism or to taxation, loss of initiative and the anti-social habits of undesirable elements. A coroner's to Basil Ransome-Davies for quite the most elegiac of the dismissals of Thatcherite Britain and to Wayne Sidesaddle for quite the most disgusted and Cowardly of the rich exiles. Similar awards to Stanley J. for his Thomas Hood tax-exile, to P.M.G. Shiel for his Gerard Manley Hopkins; for Roy Kelly's heavenly Auden and Martin Fagg's nostalgic Arthur Hugh Clough, both of whom managed something — even yet — of the Browning spirit of affection for the poor old homeland.

Oh to have left England
Now that Thatcher's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Hears, each morning, everywhere,
The lies of the media, the copper's fist,
The howl of the rabid monetarist,
And the cynic's jeer, and the shouted threat
In England — yet!
There's a wise man; he packs and heads for Dover
And other climes till five lean years are over,
Lest he should suffer fresh abomination
From Thatcherite stagflation.
And though the sun of Spring starts to appear
It breeds, not daffodils, but dread and fear,
And the schools decay and the dole-queues fill
In England, still.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

One just cannot live back in Britain.
With taxes so killing, you see.
And this Thatcher crew are socialists too,
Well, at least to someone like me.

It just isn't on back in Britain.
Although one still visits for hols.
One tries to be fair, but if one lives there
One pigs it with two or three Rolls.

One still owes a lot to dear Britain.
One's upbringing led to one's books,
But one has one's friend — it would be the end
If worry lost one one's looks.

So sad to write off poor Britain;
It's a country one cannot afford.
But it's owed to one for all that one's done
To make one a knight or a lord.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

I gaze across the Dover Straits
Where the white cliffs begin,
And weep to see old England, and
The dire straits she's in!

Yet here in France my bill of fare
Oft means an unfair bill,
And though my purse is filled with francs
I am no Francophil.

But then if that's my attitude,
You ask (albeit gently),
Why stay upon the Continent
I blame incontinently?

In England's damp and rheumy isle
There is no room for me
With tax so high — so tax-ex-I'll
Inevitably be.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

April! aperient an-augustan month;
Anglice, awful; with thy dire dower
O fiscal-fiddling fever and showers sour
Inured me hast thou to the shimmering sunth
Of rich Swiss rolling in their lucre-lust
And to sol-swiven shores within my mind.
Fag-ended football, not yet cricket-cursed,
Of fools the feast, jest-jaded, un-kind;
Father, forbid me England's April days,
Her rain-lashed brain-bashed harassment and haze!

P. M. G. SHIEL

Now England and April are altogether
elsewhere. Nevertheless I am thinking
of them in Heaven, drinking
with God, of them and their weather

Things change, but not so much
that the chaffinch will vacate its bough.
Its music is playing in England now
while I am far from carnal touch.

April will go, and then May
with its Pavlovian light
will enter easily stage right,
gracing even politicians of the day.

Watch the whitethroats, thrushes, swallows.
Yes, you may note the new Old Gang
etc., fight cuts etc.; but save real pang
for landscape, past love, pain that follows.

ROY KELLY

Say not the magic season staleth,
That nature's spell is wholly spent;
That England's spirit sours and aileth
And Easter follows not on Lent.

Though private greed and public rancour
Conspire to make the nation sick,
And fell Recrimination's canker
Consumes the body politic.

There may, in yet unravaged counties,
In sweet persistence still be seen,
Investing all — supreme of bounties —
That quintessential English green.

Though fears abound and hopes are bleeding,
Make this your comfort and your stay:
There is no gift on earth exceeding
The glory of an English May.

MARTIN FAGG



Tony Miles

Chess

No 176

This year's Louis D. Stattam tournament at Lone Pine, California produced even more than its usual share of shocks. Indeed, in the first two rounds the GMs were dropping like flies to the young Americans. In the first round I lost to Fedoravicz, Browne to 16 year-old Benjamin, Ermenkov to Wilder and Christiansen to the Icelander, Arnason. The next day Wilder took another scalp, this time Albur, Christiansen again lost to Rind, Gligoric to Whitehead and Dzindzhashvili to 16 year-old Root. At this point the group of players with 1/2 was virtually the strongest of the tournament. Only the Soviet champion, Geller, looked secure, winning his first 3 games and moving safely to 4 1/2/5.

However, experience, class or whatever finally began to show. Dzindzhashvili, who started with 1/3, then scored 4 straight wins and Albur, Panno and I all recovered from our early setbacks. With two rounds to play the crucial pairings were Geller (5 1/2/7) v Balashov (5), Dzindzhashvili (5) v Larsen (5 1/2), Panno (4 1/2) v Albur (5) and Miles (4 1/2) v Wilder (4 1/2). The two Russians predictably drew quickly. Dzindzhashvili also offered an early draw but Larsen refused, overreached and lost. Panno dramatically lost on time in a game where he had never stood worse and I finally ended Wilder's suc-

Shocks at Lone Pine

cessful run.

So to the last round: Albur (6) v Dzindzhashvili (6), Miles (5 1/2) v Geller (6) and Balashov (5 1/2) v Larsen (5 1/2). Dzindzhashvili, sensibly in my opinion, offered a draw before the game. After all, unless I lost to Geller (how could that happen?), a win meant \$15,000, a draw about \$10,000 and a loss only \$5,000 — sound economic sense. However, Albur wasn't so sure and decided he wanted to play. He lost, giving Dzin his sixth consecutive win and the \$15,000 first prize. Later I explained to Albur, a recent defector from the USSR, that he hadn't really got the hang of capitalism! Anyway, Larsen and Balashov had a hard-fought draw and I rose to the occasion to crush Geller nicely for a 'consolation prize' of \$10,000 and second place (I'll give the game in next week's column). This year no juniors achieved GM norms, but Wilder, Whitehead, Root and Henley (all US) made IM results and Benjamin an FM norm.

A win from Dzin:

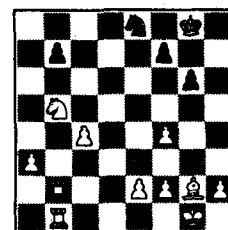
White: P Biyiasas

Black: R. Dzindzhashvili

1.N-KB3, P-QB4; 2.P-KN3, N-QB3; 3.B-N2, P-KN3; 4.O-O, B-N2; 5.P-B3, P-K4; 6.P-K4, KN-K2; 7.P-Q3, O-O; 8.B-K3, P-Q3; 9.KN-Q2, B-K3; 10.P-QB4, P-B4; 11.P-B3, Q-Q2; 12.N-B3, P-B5; 13.B-B2, P-KR4; 14.N-Q5, P-KN4; 15.N-N1, N-N3; 16.N(1)-B3, R-B2; 17.K-R1, QR-KB1; 18.N-K2, P-N5; 19.N-N1, BPxP; 20.RPxP, P-R5; 21.K-R2, N-Q5; 22.BxN, PxPch; 23.KxP, Q-Q1; 24.K-B2, KPxB; 25.K-K1, BxN; 26.BPxP, Q-R5ch; 27.K-Q2, N-B5. Resigns.

Problem 176

White to play has some pressure but a hard task ahead to convert it. Should he play (a) NxN, (b) P-K3, (c) N-B3, (d) N-R7 or (e) P-QB5? Analysis (brief where appropriate) of all five please to me at the New STATESMAN postmarked no later than 30 April.

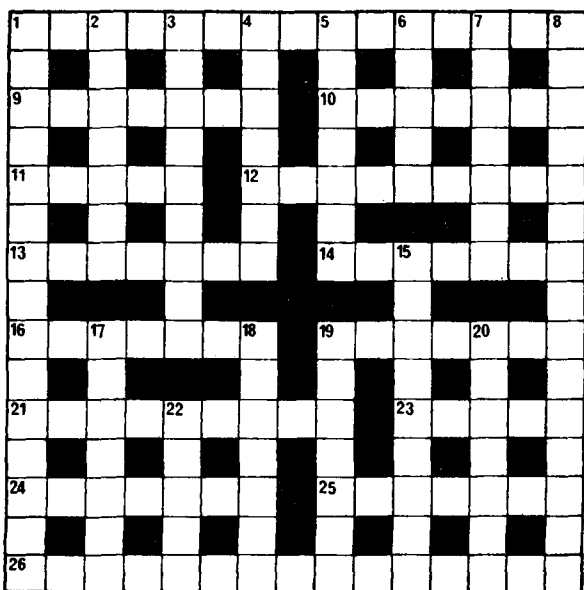


Solution to problem 174

1.Q-B8! NxQP; 2.Q-Q6ch! K-B1 (K-K1; 3.Q-N8ch wins the N); 3.Q-B5ch! N-B3; 4.Q-B8ch! K-B2; 5.QxPch, K-N1 (K-N3, QxKP); 6.QxNP (QxKP?? QxNch!), P-Q5 (or N-Q5, Q-B8ch); 7.QxRP and White wins.

Weekend Crossword 1340

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1340, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 29 April.



ACROSS

- 1 Place in America where racial trouble arises (8, 7).
- 9 The knight-errant discovers a boy in agony (7).
- 10 The economist provides one item from the index in the city (7).
- 11 I leave a playwright for a wife (5).
- 12 Badger dog (9).
- 13 Reduce weight when thin leg is broken (7).
- 14 This person feels no different (7).
- 16 Ribbon colour gradually diminished (7).
- 19 From Caria to another part of Europe (7).
- 21 Flight rails (9).
- 23 Where a quotation is put between circles (5).
- 24 Where to change for Salerno (7).
- 25 The tail in one transformed into the beginning (7).
- 26 Songs of pure origins last heard in a different rendering (5, 10).

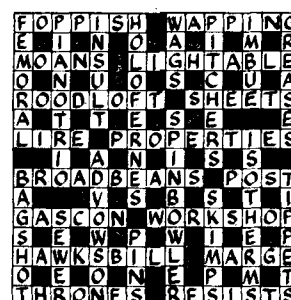
DOWN

- 1 The gardener needs to have skill with colour (10, 5).
- 2 Feel yearning about the patients getting up and lounging about (7).
- 3 Important day for coloured landlord (3, 6).
- 4 Town which makes a noise beside the sand (7).
- 5 Knight goes with company back and forth in the wind (7).
- 6 Competitions for champions on the river (5).
- 7 Train to give railwaymen what may be true (7).
- 8 The cockney might describe this danger as airborne (5, 2, 8).
- 15 Expert on money gives me coins to change (9).
- 17 It provides warmth and makes eloping wrong (7).
- 18 Reds change to have dinner and put on their best clothes (5, 2).

- 19 Sack one who takes money (7).
- 20 Potentially a strain for a woman of high rank (7).
- 22 Organisation which provides a place in the theatre in front of the circle (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1338



Prizewinners to No 1338
L. N. Baillie (London SE9)
A. C. F. Chambre (Harrow)
B. Rutherford (Deal)

APPOINTMENTS

The Association of First Division Civil Servants
Jointly With
The Association of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Taxes
require a

RESEARCH OFFICER

to take up duty on about 1 June next. Salary scale £8,600-£10,450 plus London Weighting.

The two Associations have close ties and a combined membership of about 10,000. The joint organisation is a constituent member of the Civil Service National Whitley Council and is affiliated to the Trade Union Congress. It represents the higher administrative and related professional and specialist grades in the Civil Service.

The person appointed will need to keep abreast of all developments in industrial relations of possible significance to the Associations; will have to assist in negotiations under pay research arrangements and conduct enquiries into top salaries outside those covered by the Civil Service Pay Research Unit. There will be some statistical work and facility with computer operations would be an advantage. The officer appointed will be required to represent the Associations at meetings with other civil service unions and employers. He/she will also be expected to initiate work on projects likely to be of interest to both Associations.

Applications with details of education and experience etc., should be sent to the General Secretary of the Association of First, Division Civil Servants, at 17 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5AT by Friday 2 May, 1980.

RETURNED VOLUNTEER ACTION

is a group working primarily for radical change in current overseas volunteer programmes. We are looking for a **PUBLICATIONS and INFORMATION WORKER** to develop and extend our range of information services to prospective, serving and returned volunteers and to promote a public debate on development. Clear perspective on and commitment to 'development' and writing ability are essential. Third World experience or knowledge of UK based campaigns useful. London based; collective team structure; flexible 35 hour week; salary will be about £5,000 plus LVs (currently under review). Details plus application form from **RVA, 1c Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL. (01-935 9447).** Closing date 3 May.

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RECORDS CLERK for central London office at 43, Fleet Street, typing ability, commencing at £76 per week.
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Apply in writing to:
David Reece, NUJ, 314 Grays Inn Road, London WC1.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Needs a new

CHIEF OFFICER the EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The Anti-Slavery Society works for the elimination of all forms of slavery including serfdom and debt bondage and for threatened indigenous peoples. It achieves this by research and the presentation of reports to governments and the United Nations. It is a UK registered charity and has consultative status at the United Nations. Founded in 1839 it has no national, political or religious affiliation and is financed by private membership and grants from charitable foundations. The Executive Secretary represents the Society at the United Nations and at international meetings.

Closing Date 31 May, 1980. Appointment 1 October, 1980.

Applications and enquiries in writing (marked confidential) to:
**The Chairman, Anti-Slavery Society,
180 Brixton Road, London SW9 6AT.**

TUC ECONOMIC DEPARTMENT

The TUC Economic Department has a vacancy for an assistant to work on economic, industrial and collective bargaining issues. Salary from £6,630-£8,826 by annual increments (including London Weighting). Write before 30 April to:

**THE GENERAL SECRETARY, TUC,
CONGRESS HOUSE, GREAT
RUSSELL STREET, LONDON WC1B
3LS**

for details and application form quoting reference (TUC 1).

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New Statesman 18 April 1980

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INTELLIGENT, sensitive, Anglo-Australian lady, youthful 45, good appearance, enquiring mind, cheerful, wishes share wide interests: intellectual, musical, cultural, political, sporting, and love of travel, animals, laughter, mountains, sea — with similar unspoilt, sincere, professional/business gentleman. Friendship. No affairs. Box 8202.

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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Production of 'The Hothouse' by Harold Pinter, director Harold Pinter, designer Eileen Diss. Prevs from 24 April 8 p.m. Press night 1 May 7 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'Amadeus', 'As You Like It', 'Othello', 'Death Of A Salesman'. Prevs 'Early Days' 8 p.m. opens 22 April 7 p.m. subs eves 8 p.m. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC, 928 7616. Nimrod Theatre of Australia production 'The Club' by David Williamson. 'Riotous micky-take of life in Brian Cloughland Down Under' E. News, 4 March-12 April. Evgs 7.30. Sat Mat 2.30.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL, 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'My Brilliant Career' (U). Progs. 3.20, 5.20, 7.20, 9.20.

Exhibition

'DETITUS' by G. Roy Levin a mixed media art work at the Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell Street. EC1. Tel. 01-837 9826. Until 26 April. Mon-Sat, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.

Meetings

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION: Free Introductory Lectures weekly at 36 Craven Street, WC2. Enquiries: 839 5723. Also at Kensington Central Library every Monday 8pm.

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Play Provision for Children and Young People in Britain's Multi-Racial Society.

Saturday 17 May at the Sidney Stringer School and Community College, Cox Street, Coventry CV1 5NL.

Speakers will include Professor John Rex, Director of the Research Unit for Ethnic Relations in Birmingham, Rashida Noormohammed, Education Officer for Birmingham CRC, and David Milner, author of 'Children and Race'.

The Conference will be chaired by Professor Walter James of the Open University and President of Fair Play for Children. There will be discussion workshops in the afternoon.

Price £4. Further details from Fair Play for Children, 248 Kentish Town Road, London, NW5. 01-485 0809.

The Conference is being sponsored by the Commission for Racial Equality.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). A General Survey Lecture by The Provost, Sir James Lighthill, 'Academic Innovation at UCL'. Monday 28 April at 5.30. Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon Street, WC1. Admission Free, Without Ticket. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower Street, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required).

SHAW SOCIETY, Saturday 26 April, Prof. Dan Laurence reading from 'GBS in Love' (Letters between Shaw and Alice Lockett) at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

MEET THE INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN and respected Communist leader Alvaro Cunhal General Secretary, Communist Party of Portugal and Gordon McLennan General Secretary, Communist Party of Great Britain. Friends House, Euston Road. Tuesday 22 April 7 p.m. Admission 10p.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk, Sun. 20 April 8 p.m. "Fate and Freewill" ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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£22 YEL members, £25 non-members (room and board).

Further details and booking:
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FOCUS GROUP

Royal Commonwealth Society,
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Thursday 24 April, 6.30 p.m.

'Population Control,' A Losing Battle?

Speaker: **Vernon Aluvihare.**

International Planned Parenthood Federation, Kieron Moore Catholic Fund for Overseas Development.

Admission 30p for non RCS members.

Conference

'CUTS IN HIGHER EDUCATION': A one day Conference at Sheffield University on 10 May, 1980 organised by the University Left Staffs Association (beginning 10.30 a.m.). All interested academics invited. Further information: John Kelly, Department of Psychology, The University, Sheffield S10 2TN.

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Entertainments

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Mon 2 June-Fri 6 June, 19.00

Small Lecture Theatre, PCL,
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4 June: *Julia*

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Course Fee: £8.00

Further details from:

Film Forum,
Short Course Unit,
PCL,
309 Regent Street, W1R 8AL.
Tel: 01-580 2020 ext 221.

POEMS FOR SHAKESPEARE PRE-PUBLICATION READING

Sunday 20 April, 4.15 p.m.

at Bear Gardens Museum & Arts Centre, Introduced by Patricia Beer, with Jenny Joseph, Georgina Hammick, Penelope Shuttle, John Mole, Lawrence Sail, Derwent May, Wes Magee, Michael Hoyland, Andrew Waterman, George Szirtes, James Berry & P. N. Furbank.

Preceded by Shakespeare Pilgrimage leaving Southwark Cathedral at 3 p.m. arriving at Bear Gardens 3.45 for Shakespeare Birthday Party with cake & wine.
Reading £1.25, Refreshments 75p.

1 Bear Gardens, Bankside,
Southwark, SE1. 928 6342.

Publications

DO YOU HAVE A MANUSCRIPT OR POEMS YOU WISH PUBLISHED?

REGENCY PRESS, DEPT S,
43 NEW OXFORD ST,
LONDON WC1A 1BH.
Tel: 01-240 3044.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs
Books bought and sold, A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

Accommodation Vacant

FLAT AVAILABLE for May (Hampstead Heath) to quiet couple or person willing to take care of 2 cats Box 8202.

SURBITON, 16 mins Waterloo, 3 bed town-house £70 p.w. Leatherhead 72619.

Accommodation Wanted

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL COUPLE urgently seek s/c accommodation - London. Refs avail. Tel Daters: 01-980 6263 (9.30-6.00).

POSTGRADUATES & 1st degree students require rooms, flats, houses now & from October. Ring London School of Economics, 405 7686 ext. 468 mornings only or ext. 607 anytime.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL COUPLE, no children seek flat, London. 01-648 1379.